

The Freeman

VOL. IV. No. 90.

NEW YORK, 30

NOVEMBER, 1921

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CURRENT COMMENT.

If we should some day meet up with a gentlemanly highwayman who relieved us of watch, pocketbook, hat, gloves, overcoat, and all other personalia whatever, and then remarked, as he walked away, that he accepted the Ten Commandments "in spirit," we should be mildly astonished at the nature of his mental processes, but we certainly should not expect him to give us back enough clothes to go home in. When the time comes for the Chinese delegates at Washington to turn their steps toward Peking, they will perhaps understand what we mean by this fable. Their ten principles for the regulation of affairs in the Far East have been accepted enthusiastically by everybody; but who can remember when these principles were not so accepted, and who can remember the time when the pockets of the high-principled Powers did not bulge with goods and chattels of rightful Chinese ownership?

In ages past, Mr. Balfour's countrymen have managed to gather up a good many odds and ends in the way of concessions and spheres of influence in China; nor does the recent attempt of the Cassel syndicate to secure a monopoly of coal-lands and railways in the region of Canton indicate that conditions at the present moment are very different from those which existed during the earlier days of British expansion. Yet at the Chinese love-feast at Washington, Mr. Balfour could add nothing to the frequent declarations of his Government on the subject of recognizing the integrity of China, and in the same tone of lofty detachment from everything that has happened, is happening, and may happen hereafter, Admiral Baron Kato proclaimed the firm and unconditional adherence of Japan to the policy of the open door. If he neglected to mention the fact that, when it comes to applying the policy, Japan considers that Manchuria and Mongolia lie on her own side of the doorstep, this omission was due, probably, to mere inadvertence.

So likewise, perhaps, was the failure of the American delegation to refer to the matter of the financing of China. Indeed the American palaver exhibited the maximum of enthusiasm and the maximum of inconsistency, since the Chinese delegates to whom it was addressed have come to Washington as representatives of a Government which is at this moment under a threat of withdrawal of recognition by the Government of the United States. Mr.

Hughes believes heartily in Chinese independence, integrity, sovereignty, and all the rest of it; but when the Government at Peking fails to meet its obligations to a Chicago bank, and refuses to accept the financial assistance of the American members of the consortium, the State Department begins at once to consider the advisability of international excommunication. The Government at Canton is of course a candidate for American recognition. If it should offer to purchase this high honour by accepting the financial protectorate which Peking has rejected, the American Government would be faced with an issue of great practical importance. However, one may find solace in the thought that whatever happens, the great principles which govern the conduct of the Powers in the Far East will always be as they always have been, those of the Chinese declaration, the Mosaic Law, and the Sermon on the Mount.

THE readiness of the participants in the arms-conference to suggest ways in which their associates can contribute to the cause of "unpreparedness" reminds one of the polite old days of Alphonse and Gaston. Thus Great Britain, whose position renders submarines a menace to her food-supply in time of war, is all for having them abolished, although British statesmen know full well that the submarine makes an effective and inexpensive defensive weapon for nations which can not draw on a world-wide empire to support their naval expenditures. Indeed, Mr. Balfour himself seems to have described the submarine as the "arm of the weak," and it is upon this description that M. Briand rests his case against its abolition. France, according to its Premier, is weak on the sea, and can not consent to see the submarine discarded. In this connexion, it is amusing to note that the British objections to the submarine are that it is injurious to commerce and that it may be put to inhumane uses. Why, we wonder, does not some other delegation suggest that both of these objections apply with equal force to the practice of mining a whole section of the high seas, and invite Great Britain to contribute something to the cause of "civilized warfare" by giving up that questionable expedient?

WASHINGTON correspondence says that officialdom is considerably nettled over the critical attitude which certain American naval officers have publicly taken towards Mr. Hughes's programme, and that such officers as are rash enough to continue decrying the Government's proposals may get themselves "sharply rebuked." This feeling of vexation is quite comprehensible when one considers such statements as that which Captain R. D. White, U. S. N., made recently at the Marine Exposition in New York City. Captain White, it seems, remarked that even if navies were scrapped, merchant marines would always be on hand, ready to be turned into fighting-craft; and that "swords may be beaten into ploughshares, but blacksmiths can hammer them back into shrapnel." This is terrible, but the reckless man did not stop even here. He had the temerity to suggest that navies had nothing to do with bringing about war; that if the causes of friction between Governments were removed, armaments would disappear of themselves; and that until the causes of war are removed "there is going to be war if there is a navy or not." One surely could not blame the officeholders for being wrathful when a mere underling dares to suggest that a question be taken hold of by the right end, when that is precisely the end which they neither dare nor wish to take hold of.

MR. HUGHES's programme seems to be highly acceptable to our old friends of the Chemical Foundation; for they apparently consider that the reduction of navies would mean an immense increase in the use of gas. The chemists had a meeting in New York just a week after Mr. Hughes made his proposal, at which Mr. Francis P. Garvin, President of the Foundation, urged the assembled chemists as a patriotic duty, to push their researches, in preparation for the noble task of defending their fellow-countrymen against "high explosives more powerful, and poison-gas more deadly, than those now in use," which "might be made at any time in out-of-the-way places by secret and unscrupulous foes." We are inclined to think that Mr. Garvin's advice is sound. His Foundation is about to come into its own. The researches of chemistry will be, as he says, a means of furnishing a substitute for battleships and forts; indeed we think it likely that the researches of chemistry will soon furnish a means of rendering battleships and forts as obsolete as blunderbusses and battering rams, even if Mr. Harding's conference does not succeed in that laudable enterprise.

THOSE weapons which, according to expert opinion, will play the principal rôle in the wars of the future are not likely, we imagine, to come in for much attention on the part of the conference, if any. So far we have heard of no suggestions looking to the abolition of poison-gas; and even if this weapon were prohibited, there would still be plenty of dye-factories patriotically standing ready to be converted to its manufacture in time of war, when all international agreements become mere waste paper. As for the airplane, Mr. Hughes has already laid it down that air-craft will not be included in proposals for reduction, because the ready convertibility of commercial air-craft to war-uses makes any attempt at limitation impractical. An Associated Press dispatch from Washington says that the reasons for the exclusion of air-craft from consideration go deeper than Mr. Hughes indicated: that "the place of air-navigation in the commercial scheme of things is not established yet on any profitable basis, and if Governments do not carry on the experimental work in connexion with armies and navies, the newest and most promising field of transportation would lie neglected for years to come." Pretty thin, brethren!—pretty thin! If there were any prospect of profit in air-transportation, we imagine that its development may be safely left to interested civilians who need the money. The reasons for excluding air-craft from the discussion probably do go considerably deeper than Mr. Hughes indicated, but it is extremely doubtful that they go in this particular direction.

SEVERAL members of the International Economic Conference held recently in London, have put themselves on record against the latest robbery committed upon Germany by the Allied Powers through their rubber-stamp League of Nations. The document calls the Silesian decision "another heavy blow, and perhaps the severest yet sustained, to the prospects of the peace of Europe and its economic recovery." It shows succinctly what may be expected from the enormous reduction made in Germany's taxable capacity, due to this theft of her natural resources, and from the necessity for increasing her imports. The day of Germany's default in indemnity-payments, always inevitable, is now brought much nearer; and it has been made clear in Paris "that default in payment will be the signal for a march on the Ruhr." The document states in so many words that "at the time last May when the occupation of the Ruhr seemed imminent, M. Briand was only allowed to renounce the intention on the strict understanding given to the French Chamber that the matter could be proceeded with the moment a default in reparation-payments occurred, and without further consultation with the Allies."

TRULY an interesting outlook for the peace of Europe!—especially, as the document observes, for "one who has studied the calamitous situation in the Saar valley, where

the League of Nations's safeguards against injustices have not proved worth the paper on which they were written." No wonder that a raree-show like the Washington conference has to be staged at this juncture, in order to divert public attention from the actual situation impending in Europe! The problem of Upper Silesia is international and economic, not Polish-German and political. All calculations of the productive capacity of Germany have been overthrown; and the consequences of the overthrow reach everywhere. The peace of Europe has been indefinitely put off, and the resumption of normal trade and industry have been indefinitely retarded. Some day, we venture to think, it will be worth remembering that at a time when every one was being bemused and befooled by the Washington conference, a few men like Lord Parmoor, Mr. J. A. Hobson and Sir George Paish saw the actual situation clearly and depicted it plainly.

MR. JOSEPH P. TUMULTY continues to justify most abundantly this paper's earlier estimate of the interest of his work as historian of the Wilson Administration. In recent instalments of his reminiscences he exhibits—we can not say reveals, because it is no revelation; far from it!—he exhibits Mr. Wilson full and fair as a partisan of the British Government from the outset of the war. He shows that the protests of our State Department against the British blockade of American commerce were merely perfunctory and *pro forma*, well understood as such by the British Foreign Office. If Mr. Tumulty is telling the truth, and all available collateral evidence bears him out, Mr. Wilson's pose of neutrality was never for one moment sincere, and his admonitions to neutrality in thought as well as word and deed, were as dishonest as they could possibly be. Well, every one able to tell his right hand from his left, knew these things at the time; every one who valued the American tradition of aloofness from European rivalries felt outraged by them; every one who respected sincerity and manliness felt an enormous contempt for them.

BUT these were old-fashioned people, honest people, people whose opinion could not count with Mr. Wilson and the lackeys and *condottieri* who did his covert will. What does count, however, at the present time, is the contemplation of the consequences of Mr. Wilson's unscrupulous preference for his private prejudices over his public duty. Had he remained, and permitted the country to remain—as it was—consistently and sincerely neutral; had he held England to strict account for her repeated and flagrant violations of our neutrality, as he did Germany; we should have had no provocation to enter the war, our prodigious expenditure of life, limb and wealth would have been saved, and we would, finally, not have incurred the disappointments and disillusionments that have come to us. There are two lessons fairly clear from these bits of recent history which Mr. Tumulty is publishing. First, that the American traditional policy of minding our own business and leaving European nations free to mind theirs, is still a sound one. Second, that the "system of checks and balances" under which one single obstinate, crafty and dishonest officeholder can do such a disproportionate amount of damage to the whole nation, ought to be put under stringent revision.

THE vagaries of journalism seem about the same the world over. We noticed the other day in a German newspaper—and an exceedingly good one—a dispatch from Rotterdam, giving our neighbour, the *New York Times*, as authority for the statement that ex-President Wilson delivered a speech in Chicago, 2 October, in which he denounced as treason to the Allies, any departure from the treaty of Versailles, and also called for a boycott against goods of German origin! This reminds us of the dispatches from Helsingfors that the *Times* itself, and nearly all the rest of our daily newspapers, used to print by way of information about the dark, bloody and fantastic doings in Soviet Russia. Apropos of that, what has happened to the anti-Soviet newspaper-campaign? Things

have suddenly become mighty quiet along the Neva. Has anyone noticed it? Lenin has not been assassinated, or Trotzky imprisoned, or the Soviet Government begun to sag down towards the bottomless pit, for an uncommonly long time.

AN English editor also, we observe, has distinguished himself. On 28 September we called attention to charges made in the United States Senate by Messrs. Kenyon and La Follette, that British influences are surreptitiously at work to influence the policy of the Shipping Board. In the course of our remarks we mentioned Sir Gilbert Parker's activities as England's propagandist-in-chief in America during the war; and we quoted from Sir Gilbert's own account of those activities, as published by him in *Harper's Magazine*. The editor of an English paper picked this up, represented us as intimating that Sir Gilbert was nefariously and insidiously busy with the Shipping Board, and then proceeded to ridicule us accordingly. This perversion is so ingenious and so extraordinarily bare-faced that all other feelings, such as might have been aroused in us by a more clumsy forgery, are swamped in admiration. The name of this London publication is the *Outlook*; we mention it in order that if there are any medals going for that kind of thing, they may go where they should go.

IF one party to a legal controversy were allowed to level a gun at the judge's head and dare him to decide the case in favour of its adversary, it might be a little difficult for the judge to render a perfectly impartial decision under such circumstances. The ten-per-cent cut in the freight-rates on farm-products, recently announced by the railway-executives, amounts to just this sort of tactics. If further wage-cuts are granted, say the executives, the rate-cut will continue; if not, the present rate will be restored. Thus the Railway Labour Board is furnished with a strong argument in favour of granting the demands of the operators. Judging by its previous record we do not think the Board needed any such persuasion; but this rate-cut will undoubtedly put the weight of public sentiment behind further cuts when they are granted; therefore the executives showed excellent strategy. These gentlemen magnanimously offer to take several million dollars per annum out of the pay-envelopes of railway-labourers and turn it over to the public; and the public will be for accepting this generous offer, we may be sure. Then, when the money has been taken away from labour, the operators may conceivably discover that they are still unable to make ends meet under the new rate, and that the old rate must be restored. They will then pocket the money, all the while holding their pocket-handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes, and politely saying, "Excuse these tears!" The American railway-executives, as Artemus Ward said of the Western bankers, "air a sweet and luvly set of men. I'd like to own as good a house as some of 'em would break into."

A SPECIAL dispatch to the *Christian Science Monitor* tells of a campaign instituted in Nebraska by the manager of the Card-Adams Motor Company, to encourage the use of corn as fuel. The object is to secure a "fair price" for Nebraskan corn by this use of a surplus. There are more thermal units in a dollar's worth of corn than in a dollar's worth of coal, according to this enterprising manager; so, instead of hauling corn to market to exchange for coal, at the present price of both commodities, the farmer would do better to burn the corn. As far as we know, the contention may be correct in every respect; but the whole story gives a picture of an extremely odd economic system. We doubt whether burning the corn is the best expedient in the premises; we think we could suggest a better. But without regard to that, we simply put it to our readers that a civilization which can afford to raise corn for fuel and at the same time afford to carry such a large margin of hunger, idleness and general destitution, must have a screw loose somewhere.

THE British trade unionist, Mr. Robert Smillie, discussing possible policies for British labour, said in a recent interview that he thought the Labour party should concentrate upon one big issue, and make the public realize that it is in earnest about it; and he thought, further, that the land was the right thing to serve as the one big issue. "The case against landlordism is so evident," he said, "that it appeals naturally to every one except, perhaps, the landlord. The first thing we have to do is to make people realize that since everything we require comes from the land, . . . it follows that those who own the land, own our bodies and souls." There was never sounder common sense than this, nor could there be a sounder policy devised for the British Labour party. Mr. Smillie is right. Never mind discussing a *method* of making land public property; the thing is, first, to cultivate the consciousness that in the nature of things, land *ought* to be public property. When that is fully done, it will be time to talk about nationalization, the single tax, small holdings, or whatever other methods may be thought eligible.

MR. SMILLIE proposes a commendable and forthright departure from the incompetent contentions of trade unionism. By concentrating on this one fundamental issue, and by contenting itself with drawing and defining the issue—leaving all discussion of method, for the time being, to one side—the British Labour party can at one stroke broaden itself to include and represent the interest of nearly every one in England. It will represent the interest of capital as well as labour; for if man is a land-animal, as obviously he is, and if all the wealth produced by the common enterprises of labour and capital comes from the land, as obviously it does, then clearly "those who own the land own the body and soul" of the capitalist as well as of the labourer. Mr. Smillie's proposal thus hits the one point of absolute common interest between labour and capital; and if managed properly, it can go a long way upon this merit.

THERE is profit to the spirit in sometimes looking over the extraordinary range of alien cultural activities in New York. In this astonishing metropolis of an astonishing country, one's life runs perforce in a rather narrow groove, and one more or less takes for granted that the civilization one rubs against is all the civilization there is. One would not suppose, for instance, that the Hungarian theatre in America was sufficiently organized to support a special magazine; but such appears to be the case, as the *Hungarian Theatrical Journal* is being published in New York. A new Yiddish weekly has also made its appearance here, devoted to Jewish culture. Czecho-Slovakian drama has been excellently acted for years at the Sokal Hall and the Bohemian National Hall. Miss Emlyn Destinn, the Czech soprano, gave the second concert of her season at the Sokal Hall, to a large and enthusiastic gathering of her countrymen. There is a great deal of truth in the New Yorker's professional bounce that one can find anything whatever in New York. If all the cultural elements present in the city were only encouraged, or even permitted, to fuse, life in New York would be much richer and more interesting. The chief trouble is that the official type of civilization is the English, and that this type, like the English sparrow, is morbidly jealous of its predominance, and will not mix.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Gerold Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1921, by THE FREEMAN, Inc., 30 November, 1921, Vol. IV, No. 90. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

THE great general deluge of extravagance over Mr. Hughes's proposals gives signs of abatement and certain mountain tops of common sense are beginning to appear. Editorializing and special correspondence have run to a tedious length; yet in the main they were amusing, especially the contributions furnished by our contemporaries of the liberal persuasion. These are quite in the vein of liberalism; they reveal the liberal in his traditional attitude of naïve and reverential expectation before some politician or other, much like Sweet Alice before Ben Bolt. One of our contemporaries, in the course of a general buttering-up of Mr. Hughes, says that he proceeds upon what is for the present a sound principle, "the reduction of the fleets [of England, Japan and the United States] to a size which is intended to make them sufficient for defence, but insufficient for an offensive strategy." We can not see anything like this in Mr. Hughes's proposal; still, it may be there. Again, our contemporary says that Mr. Hughes's leadership in the conference began "by creating an atmosphere in which a great and enduring work of pacific statesmanship can be accomplished. It is an atmosphere of confidence, of good faith, of decisive action and of hope for the future. . . . The American public is rightly coming to have more and more confidence in him and to expect of him great things."

This is infatuation with a vengeance. Another liberal contemporary, a weekly, devoted a couple of pages to the same kind of jubilant hopefulness and exorbitant expectation. There seems to be no limit to the liberal's ability to stand punishment, as the pugilists say. One group of politicians after another lightly bowls him over, but invariably he comes back, hopeful and buoyant, to be bowled over again. The Fourteen Points, the League of Nations, the Versailles peace-conference, and now the Washington conference—and still the liberal tone and accent remain the same!

It was announced a few days ago that Mr. Hughes's proposals had been accepted "in principle" all round. What principle? What does that mean? The proposals were specific and definite, and to say that they were accepted "in principle" seems singularly empty. But now, as we go to press, there appears to be doubt about any international agreement whatever, whether "in principle" or in fact. After all the superfine gestures of open discussion, too, it is beginning to creep into the news that, as we read in one head-line, the "real decisions may be made informally rather than in open sessions"! The actual business of the conference, of course, was adumbrated when the Chinese delegation made its manful statement that all China wanted was to be let alone; and even the case-hardened correspondents could not quite keep a straight face when they had to report the voluminous palaver and guff that was forked out upon the Chinese representatives by the other delegations, by way of reply. Mr. Edwin L. James's column on the subject in the *New York Times* of 20 November, is full of biting satire. Pertinax, of the *Echo de Paris*, sums up the general progress and prospects of the conference, thus:

There is a great thundering of the motor; the car does not move appreciably. . . . Nobody means business. Postponements, statements of policy, both empty and grandiloquent—such will be our daily fare, I am afraid. . . . In a somewhat comical contrast with the whole picture is the careful organization of secrecy by which we are confronted. Every time a committee meets, some one's voice is always

to be heard clamouring against 'the leakage in the press.' As a result, people are convinced that great things are happening. How delightful to be thus brought back to the golden days of the Paris conference!

Therefore we say, and say again, to our readers, that it is expedient to go very, very slowly about getting up their hopes upon the strength of anything as yet broached by the conference. Nothing has yet happened which is worth one moment of anyone's time or thought. Mr. Hughes's offer has not been accepted; the chances of its acceptance, except perhaps "in principle," are not overwhelming; if it were accepted as it stands, this would, notwithstanding the odd notions of our liberal contemporaries, mean nothing for the actual limitation of competitive armament and nothing whatever against the progress of offensive warfare. There is more sound sense in the few lines written by Dr. J. P. Warbasse, which we print elsewhere in this issue, than in all the editorials and correspondence which we have read between the opening of the conference and 20 November. The stoppage of work on British naval construction is all very well, but it can be resumed as quickly and as easily as it was stopped; let us therefore wait and see whether it stays stopped, and if it does, for what reason.

This paper is as desirous as anyone to see some public good come out of the conference, but we expect none, frankly, because we have no confidence whatever in the persons who make it up or in the primary interests which those persons represent. Once bitten, twice shy; and if any body of men behave regularly and invariably in a certain way for six days in a week, or for thirty days in a month, they induce a correspondingly strong expectation that they will behave in the same way on the seventh or the thirty-first. There is nothing in the record of any of the persons assembled in Washington or of the interests which they represent, to indicate that the cause of international peace will or can be promoted by their activities; and there is everything in their record to indicate the exact opposite. If by some miracle or by some lucky accident, some public advantage, were it ever so slight, should accrue from the conference, we would be the first to welcome it and would gladly swallow as many of our words as circumstances indicated. But no such advantage, nor any prospect of it, is as yet in sight; and to pretend otherwise, as the journalists have been doing, or to indulge and encourage a mere general desultory hopefulness, after the fashion of the political liberal, is in our view an immense disservice to the public.

WHAT THE RIGHT HAND DOETH.

OUR Roman Catholic neighbour, *America*, publishes in its current issue a number of intimate documents showing the progress of American imperialism in Haiti between October, 1914, and June, 1916, during a period when righteousness was so conspicuously enthroned at Washington. The documents are particularly instructive if studied in connexion with the fervid pieties that were being vociferated by the responsible head of the American Government during those months. They are of peculiar interest at this time, when an international diplomatic free-for-all, limited, is being staged at Washington, and the welkin rings with the clamours of pacifism and humane idealism flung forth by the hard-headed statesmen and knights of the mailed fist gathered on the banks of the Potomac. The exalted utterances of these conferring fathers bear an inescapable resemblance to the emissions of the martyred Mr.

Wilson during the Haitian adventure; and who shall say that they are less sincere?

President Wilson on 27 October, 1913, spoke in Mobile, Alabama, before the Southern Commercial Congress, on "The Deeper Union of the Americas." It was a speech of generous metaphors, in which, as a peroration, Mr. Wilson pictured the various political Governments of the world emerging "upon those great heights where shines unobstructed the light of the Justice of God." This picture seems to have exercised a great fascination for Mr. Wilson, and during the ensuing Haitian period he used it frequently. In the course of this speech he said:

These States lying to the south of us, which have always been our neighbours, will now be drawn closer to us by innumerable ties, and I hope, chief of all, by the tie of a common understanding.

It is possible that to the Haitians this glowing utterance may have been not without sinister significance. At any rate, in the ensuing months, according to the writer in *America*,

to further certain unspecified foreign interests President Wilson and Secretary Bryan formulated a treaty by the terms of which the Haitians would assign control of the Haitian revenues to the United States. The Haitians refused. Negotiations began, the Haitians seeking to conserve their freedom, the United States insisting on the signing of the treaty.

So on 28 October, 1914, just a year and a day after the "light of the Justice of God" oration, we find Pacifist Bryan asking Pacifist Wilson if it was not about time to send more warships to Haiti, and Pacifist Wilson replying straightway that Pacifist Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, be instructed to send two vessels of war "of sufficient size so that their landing-complements will be able to take charge of and preserve order in the cities of Gonaives and Port au Prince, should occasion therefor arise." The battleships arrived, and by 17 December, American marines had seized and carried off \$500,000 belonging to the Haitian treasury, while the American Minister renewed his demand that the treaty be signed.

Three weeks later, speaking at Indianapolis, President Wilson declared:

I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government.

In New York, 17 May, 1915, President Wilson disseminated this elevating sentiment:

The inspiring thing about America is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has the right to ask for humanity itself. We want no nation's property.

A few weeks later, the documents show, Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State was ordering Mr. Daniels to tell his Admiral on the spot that he should "under no circumstances hand over the government of the city of Port au Prince to any Haitian authorities." An election was toward, the Haitian President having been murdered incidental to the turmoil following the American occupation. We find the American Admiral striving to delay the election, in the interests of the candidate favoured by the United States Government. "Senators, deputies and citizens clamouring for election," he cabled, 8 August. "Will use every effort delay election but can not guarantee delay later than Thursday unless we use force."

The candidate favoured by the Washington Administration was elected 12 August, and two days later Secretary Lansing cabled peremptorily to the American chargé d'affaires at Port au Prince: "The Haitian Congress will be pleased forthwith to pass a resolution authorizing the President-elect to conclude

without modification the treaty submitted by you." The Congress, however, did not express its pleasure promptly, and fifteen days later Secretary Daniels ordered the forcible seizure of the ten principal Haitian customs-houses. On the same day Admiral Caperton cabled to Mr. Daniels that military intervention in the affairs of Haiti was "now actually accomplished," and intimated that the general Haitian sentiment was not exactly enthusiastic. On 8 September, he reported that the treaty-situation was "more favourable," because of "exercising military pressure at propitious moments in the negotiations"; and on 28 September, in a moving speech at a G. A. R. encampment, President Wilson said: "The United States was founded to preserve human rights. This flag meant a great enterprise of the human spirit."

Five days later Mr. Wilson's chargé d'affaires at Port au Prince reported on the melancholy possibility of establishing a military Government if the pro-Washington Government failed. On 10 November, Secretary Daniels instructed Admiral Caperton to have the President of Haiti call a Cabinet meeting, and after congratulating the Cabinet on "the strong demand from all classes for immediate ratification," and fixing a date for the ceremony, the Admiral was ordered to speak as follows:

I am sure you gentlemen will understand my sentiment in this matter and I am confident that if the treaty fails of ratification, my Government has the intention to retain control in Haiti until the desired end is accomplished. . . .

To this the punctilious Mr. Daniels added the following postscript: "Confidential. It is expected that you will be able to make this sufficiently clear to remove all opposition and secure immediate ratification."

"This," says the writer in *America*, "was apparently made sufficiently clear, for the treaty was ratified." Accordingly, about three weeks later, in his address to Congress, President Wilson devoted particular attention to our ideal relations with our American neighbour States.

The States of America [he declared] are not hostile rivals, but co-operating friends . . . in a very deep and true sense a unit in world-affairs, spiritual partners standing together because thinking together, quick with common sympathies and common ideals.

On 27 May, 1916, President Wilson made a solemn address before the late lamented League to Enforce Peace in which he enunciated the following lofty sentiments:

We believe these fundamental things:
First, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live.

Second, that the small States of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

At this period, according to the documents under consideration, Mr. Wilson's Government was going a step farther in violation of Haitian sovereignty by forcing the Haitians to adopt a new constitution concocted in Washington.

Although Secretary Roosevelt drafted it, the Haitians did not like it [declares the writer in *America*]. On 20 June, 1916, the Haitian Assembly sought to amend the draft, which, according to document 16319, 'made it necessary for the (American) brigade commander to seize the records of the proceedings, and orders were given to prevent further proceedings. The Assembly was dissolved by decree of the President and the entrance to the Chamber was placed under guard and the hall cleared (by the American marines).'

Nine days after this heartening incident, President Wilson made another of his highly moral and improving speeches in Philadelphia, in the course of which he gave utterance to the following declaration of faith:

I believe that at whatever cost, America should be just to other peoples and trust other peoples as she demands that they should trust her.

By this time the conquest of Haiti was complete. The writer in *America* asserts that the whole affair was managed in the interest of certain American bankers. Curiously enough, in the *dénouement* these banking-interests seem to be in charge of Haitian revenues. The writer also complains that some 3000 Haitians were murdered by our armed forces, at the expense of American taxpayers, and he further points out that propaganda has subsequently been spread tending to show that the Haitians are cannibalistic voodoo worshippers, whereas in reality they have been Catholics for a century, and possess an Archbishop and other ecclesiastical ornaments.

Mr. Wilson has gone, but the hand of the American Government still grasps Haitian sovereignty firmly by the throat. The lips of the American Government, however, in the present international contest of pacifistic rhetoric at Washington, are erupting piosities that might have been composed by Mr. Wilson himself in his most inspired moments. We commend this coincidence to persons who may cherish the delusion that the public utterances of the politicians assembled at the so-called disarmament-conference have any relevance to the real purposes of the gathering.

POOR WHITES AND POOR BLACKS.

In his remarks on the race-question at Birmingham, Alabama, recently, President Harding made one of his rare ascents above the dreary realm of platitudes. His proposals, if given an honest and intelligent interpretation, have the merit of being definite and constructive. Though he accepted the settled prejudice of his white audience in the matter of social equality between the two races, his insistence upon political and economic equality should make amends, for the social status of the Negro will in the long run be decided by his economic position.

The importance of a right understanding of the meaning of economic equality becomes more impressive when we perceive the impartiality of the forces which bring about under-employment and social unrest. Black and white both suffer from restricted economic opportunity, and while such restriction lasts, there can be no end to present antagonisms. The dominant race will not be likely to grant the Negro any facilities, whether educational or political, which will intensify his competition or extend it to new fields of employment.

The slow progress of the Negro towards the attainment of the things which Mr. Harding feels that he ought to possess, is due to the same conditions which produce the poor white. Both races are victims of the laws which grant special privileges, and the same means of escape is open to both. These conditions are not peculiar to the South, and the President was right in describing the race-question as a national, if not an international, question. This is true also of land-monopoly and trade-monopoly. In the last analysis, the race-problem is part of the universal employment-problem. Men are not really employed by one another, but by the natural resources which yield to human effort all the objects of desire. The cornering

of these resources is responsible for a whole train of evils, among them racial animosity.

With natural opportunities open on fair terms to all comers, there would be work and wages for every one in this wide world. Land-monopoly sets up an unnaturally intense competition among the landless, and hence we have race-discrimination directed against the Japanese and Chinese in California, against the Negro in the South, and against all the races of the earth at Ellis Island. Wages are determined by the number of men who are seeking a job; and workers whose precarious livelihood is threatened by the kind of competition that develops under monopoly-laws are quick to take advantage of racial antipathies.

The President's plea for a political renaissance in which the wrongs of the past might be forgotten, and the old racial cleavage abandoned for a healthy division on questions of practical politics, was refreshing in its candour, but his arguments will inevitably raise in certain minds the spectre of Negro political domination. This fear, rather than the dread of social equality, blinds the South to "the menace which lies in forcing upon the black race an attitude of political solidarity," and makes it indifferent to the result of permitting its coloured population to become "a vast reservoir of ignorance." No doubt the Negroes, if educated and enfranchised, would acquire a large measure of political power, which doubtless they would exercise as arbitrarily as men everywhere exercise such powers. There is but one way out of the dilemma for the South, as for the rest of the world; the political organization as we have it to-day must be deflated by reducing its functions and limiting its authority, an end that can be attained by restoring the right of the individual of whatever race to apply his labour where his self-interest directs, in open competition with every other individual. By reasserting the rights which the State has usurped, the individual will grow in stature, while the State dwindles to its proper proportions.

It may safely be assumed that the chief stimulus to race-hatred will disappear when the world no longer presents the spectacle of an insufficient storehouse with a limited number of keys. The wealth latent in natural resources is sufficient to satisfy the needs of all. The storehouse is to all intents and purposes inexhaustible. All that is necessary is to give keys to every one—or rather to remove the private locks and let everybody help himself. For, in the absence of special privileges, one can benefit only by exchanging services with others. Instead of exploiting and exploited classes, economic enfranchisement would tend to produce a homogeneous population. This is apparent from the way in which liberation cuts across racial lines, and from its effect upon the existence of classes. Employer and employed, rich and poor, master and servant, white and black, would have very different connotations in the absence of compulsion.

It is impossible to foresee how much race-amalgamation would be furthered by a real community of interest, but what is more to the point, the way would be open for the "partnership of the races in developing the highest aims of all humanity" that President Harding feels to be necessary. With bread and butter made reasonably secure, neither racial nor political ascendancy would have a very strong appeal.

The questions raised by the President's speech, delivered almost sixty years after the close of the Civil War, are an indication of the indifferent sort of freedom that was gained by that means. The new abolition—the abolition of economic injustice—still waits to be accomplished, and since it means a condition of un-

restricted, voluntary co-operation, it can not be forced upon a people at the point of the bayonet, but must be brought home to their convictions by processes of education and discussion.

We do not of course mean to infer that Mr. Harding accepts the philosophy of industrial freedom that we have hinted at in the foregoing comments on his speech. Necessarily a creature of the political machine, the President can not be expected to denounce the over-grown powers of the State. This paper feels itself bound, however, to give credit to anyone who appeals from old prejudices and old antagonisms to the light of reason. It may be that the discussion will help to uncover the basis of equity and show by what means men of different-coloured skins and diverse tastes can live together in harmony.

THE VANISHING HOME.

THE tendency of urban civilization seems to be towards making two families grow where only one grew before. Families are packing themselves into progressively smaller and smaller quarters, or are dividing the burden of rent with friends or relatives or even with strangers. It is observable, too, that hundreds of new lunch-rooms all over our cities are daily crowded with folk who used to cook and eat at home before it became profitable to cut houses up into small non-housekeeping apartments. Any unfortunate city-dweller may hold these truths to be self-evident; and it makes one wonder why the good people who are for ever mourning the passing of the home and blaming its decadence upon a wicked and perverse generation, do not give a little less thought to the perversity of human nature and a little more to the economic aspect of the situation they deplore.

In other and happier times, before the landlord and the banker, to say nothing of the railway-operator, had combined to make home-building next to impossible, the majority of people did not, to the best of our observation, display any marked preference for camping out in two or three rooms, taking their meals in a tea-room around the corner, and getting their amusement anywhere but at home. They lived more as the minority who can afford it, live to-day; in houses or apartments large enough for some degree of comfortable family life, and they hardly knew the taste of restaurant food. Being able to have something more than crowded sleeping-room at home, the members of the family enjoyed a reasonable and practically self-determined degree of privacy. When their friends came to call, there was a place to receive them. If the young people wished to dance, there was room to dance at home; there was no need to go out to a restaurant for the dubious satisfaction of dancing amidst a miscellaneous crowd. It is hard to believe that the perversity of human nature would lead people voluntarily to discard such advantages as these for the inconveniences and actual, inevitable hardships of family life in a modern city.

Man is by nature a home-building animal. He likes to have his own goods and duds about him, and to make a place of his own in which to hold them. But when two rooms rent for considerably more than used to be paid for a whole house, it can not be imputed to failure in man's home-making instincts if he puts his poor belongings in storage and himself into lodgings. We often wonder just how much of a spirit of inquiry has been awakened in the minds of people by their difficulty, not in finding suitable or agreeable quarters—no sophisticated city-dweller longer expects that—but simply in getting a roof over their heads

without having to pay more than half their income for the privilege. When a family having an income, let us say, of five thousand dollars, and needing six rooms in order to get on in some semblance of decency, finds itself obliged to go into three rooms at a yearly rental of from \$1200 to \$2500, do the heads of that family ask themselves why it is that they can not find even inadequate quarters for a price within their means; or do they accept their hardship resignedly, as being one of the ways of an "unscrupulous Providence"? One would think they might presently begin to inquire whether there were not some cause nearer at hand than Providence, for the situation which makes their living so difficult.

If they did begin such an inquiry they would find that the man whose business is owning houses—that is, the house-owner, or capitalist, as distinct from the landlord, or monopolist—is as much handicapped as they. The houses he builds are capital: they are built from raw material wrought by labour. But before he can build his houses he must meet the exactions of the landlord, who demands a heavy tribute for the use of his land, not because it is the product of his labour, but because the State grants him the privilege of excluding other people from access to it save on his own terms. Next, the builder, if he must get credit to finance his undertaking, must meet the exactions of the banker, who, because the ultimate basis of credit is under monopoly-control, is in a position to exercise a derived monopoly-control over credit. Finally, when he buys his building-materials, he pays the exactions of the railway-operator, who, having a monopoly-right over the long, continuous strip of land on which the railway lies, is able to transport goods, not for what it costs to carry them, but for the highest rate that the traffic will bear. Railway-charges are thus likely to represent more than half the cost of the materials that go into the building of a house. When one considers that in addition to these disabilities there is a further one in the taxes which the community imposes upon all industry and specifically upon "improvements," the wonder is not that the building of houses is in such a bad way, but that there are any houses being built at all.

The first step towards changing this order of things is the abolition of all forms of monopoly. The landlord and the banker and the railway-operator can hardly be expected to take the initiative in this matter. It is for the persons who suffer from monopoly-control to recognize monopoly for what it is and set about ridding themselves of its unending impositions. When the landowner and the banker and the railway-operator shall be shorn of the privileges which they now enjoy at the expense of honest industry, there may still be some obstacles left in the way of home-building, but we are inclined to think they would be comparatively small ones, and easily surmounted. At all events, until the obstacle presented by the monopoly-control of natural resources—the land upon which alone houses can be built, railways run and credit based, and out of which alone building-materials can be produced—until this is recognized and cleared away, the disposition of minor difficulties does not count. The experience of millions of dwellers in New York and other crowded centres, who have suffered severely in the effort to make diminishing incomes meet increasing rents, should do much, one would think, to stimulate a lively and practical interest in discovering the determining factor in what is known as the housing-problem; and that factor is easily discoverable—it is the monopoly-control of land.

UNHAPPY AUSTRIA.

VIENNA is dying. Its population is starving. The flower girls of the cafés in the Graben surreptitiously pocket the rinds of ham which affluent members of Allied and Associated missions leave on their plates. The smart Viennese—hollow-cheeked and grey-faced—still “jazz” and “tango,” but their clothes grow more and more threadbare. . . . What is a captain of the *Liechtenstein Dragoner* to do? Till the soil of his former estate? Sell matches? Serve the Austrian Republic?—but the President himself receives the same salary as the porter of the Hofmuseum. I remember that museum. Room after room filled with armour. As in a dream one passed endless rows of knights on horseback and afoot. The golden armour of Charles V towered high above this silent legion of empty shells of steel. Now the city that contains them, after two thousand years of history, with its wars and arts and festivals, is itself becoming an empty shell.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried. . . .

In the Emperor's stables before the war there were eight white horses, well-bred, trained like human ballet-dancers in *haute école*, with all the affectations and mannerisms of eighteenth-century horsemanship. Generation after generation of these horses were kept there only for the delectation of the Emperor and his court. They were a tradition, a jewel in the Habsburg crown, but when the last Habsburg fled to Switzerland, the horses were left behind. Some time later the members of the Allied and Associated Missions expressed a desire to see these wonderful creatures, and so one day the eight white horses were led out by their attendant courtiers into the eighteenth-century riding-school of the Hofburg, with all the pomp and ceremony of former days. Once again they went through their paces, but this time under the eyes not of their master but of the bailiffs in possession. When the show was over, the eight horses were led back to their marble boxes and emblazoned mangers. They had given their last performance; and now the mangers are empty, for where is there place for performing horses in a socialist republic?

I remember the old-world town of Salzburg, with its ancient architecture and charm almost untouched since the days of the Prince-Archbishops. In the garden of one of the castles, adjoining an artificial grotto dedicated to Neptune, was a theatre of marionettes, where more than a hundred little figures moved by water power acted and danced to the sounding chimes of a water organ, tinkling and crystalline as the fall of the fountains in Neptune's grotto. On Sundays the gardens were filled with a gaily-dressed crowd of villagers and townsfolk watching the miniature actors go through their minuets and *duellos* and amorous elopements. Do the Austrian “Comrades,” I wonder, still work those seventeenth-century puppets and listen to the fragile music of the fountain?

Far in the heart of the country stands the abbey of Kremsmünster. The great windows of the old library open upon a view of gently rounded hills, chequered with fields and dotted with little peaceful villages tucked away in the valleys. One sees just such landscapes in old pictures of the Thirty Years War, as a background to the stiffly rearing horses with long flowing tails, the woolly smoke from the pistols, and the moustachioed faces conventionally fierce under their broad-brimmed hats. The unpainted wooden floor of the library has been worn and scarred by the wide-topped boots of the nobles and *Reiters* of bygone days. Since then few people have used the silent rooms of the abbey, and hardly anyone uses them now. As one wanders past the rows of heavy bookcases, one almost expects to come upon a rotund and placid abbot turning the pages of an old folio, or perhaps a captain of Tilly's Horse, with curls hiding his lace collar, standing pensively stroking his pointed beard as he looks out through a window upon the hills where once he galloped and fought.

To me, however, the gem of the Salzkammergut is Hallstatt. A deep cup of pink granite is filled with the pure cold water of a transparent lake. The little village is crowded on a narrow ledge at the foot of the steep wall, almost on a level with the lake; just a few houses, one street, and a thin grey church steeple, rising against the dull pink of the bare mountain-side. In the evening a yellow moon rolls along the edge of the cup and the church steeple stands black against a sky of pale purple. In the early morning, a last curl of the night's fog hangs low above the still water. It remains there like a lost cloud until, presently, the sun climbing above the granite wall dissolves the cloud in the green and gold of a hot summer day. To-day, the people of these valleys, constituted into workmen's and peasants'

councils are waging a war of attrition on the “bourgeois” of their dying capital.

The emerald green garden of the valley of the Traun, with Gmunden and Ishl and Hallstatt, slumbers drowsily in the warm summer twilight like the garden of the Sleeping Princess, hiding a fastidious and faded beauty, but one who dreams no more of a coming prince.

All the world over, Beauty is asleep. Rough weeds are overgrowing the gardens and cobwebs are spreading over the palaces. Will Beauty ever awaken?

N. GOLEJEWSKI.

WHY THIRD PARTIES FAIL.

WHY does the idea that a third party is the best means to a political end persist in this country? The history of American politics is all against it. Yet the third-party man is unchangeable. Hope springs eternal in his breast, and third parties, like the fabled phoenix, continue to rise from their own ashes.

It is a question, however, if these well-meaning reformers who evolve from their inner consciousness marvellous systems of social order, which they offer to their fellow-countrymen from time to time with such disinterestedness, and advocate with such zeal, might not save themselves much labour and some heart-ache, if they were to give a little more study to the record of past elections.

Few reformers, from the naïve Forty-eighters and doctrinaire Socialists to the virile Farmer-Labourites and persistent Prohibitionists, who venture into practical politics, but are obsessed by the idea that the voters of the country are tired of the Democratic and Republican parties, and are eagerly awaiting the advent of a new party. All that is necessary to purify politics and raise the efficiency of government, as these reformers see it, is to offer the voters good men and the right platform. Thus, having proven to their own satisfaction that the old parties are incurably corrupt, that free institutions are on the point of collapse, and that their own platform is the embodiment of human wisdom, and is supported by candidates of integrity and disinterestedness, they challenge the enslaved millions to throw off their shackles. But strangely enough the enslaved millions continue to hug their chains.

Once a man has been inoculated with third-party virus he can no more be dissuaded from his belief that in the way of a third party alone lies political progress, than a pup can be taught that it can not catch the end of its tail. Yet it would seem that the unbroken record of third-party failures in this country should be enough to cause the most ardent reformer to pause and reflect upon the determining factors in human nature.

To go back no farther than the American Civil War, the so-called third-party organizations, seeking to rectify the errors and shortcomings of the Democrats and Republicans, have repeated the same story with slight variations in election after election. The failure of the old parties fifty years ago to correct conditions not unlike those of to-day, brought the Greenbackers into the field to stop the contraction of credits. They polled 81,740 votes for Peter Cooper in 1876, and four years later they gave General Weaver 307,306 votes. In 1884, however, when the Greenbackers thought themselves to be on the highway to political success, and the leaders of the old parties were growing apprehensive, their vote fell away to 133,825. During this time, the Prohibition vote—which, in 1876, its first Presidential contest, was only 9522, and in 1880, 10,305—rose to 151,809 in 1884. The Greenback vote disappeared in 1888, when most of the members of that party in the South and West sup-

ported the Union Labour party, which polled in that election 148,105 votes. But in the following election, that of 1892, the Populist party cast 1,041,028 votes for General Weaver.

This is the largest vote ever polled in the United States for a third party. But the Populist party was not a *bona fide* third party; it was a split from the then moribund Democratic party, as is indicated by the union of the Populists and Democrats in support of Mr. William J. Bryan in the following election. Yet large as was the Populist vote, it amounted to less than eleven in every hundred voters.

The Prohibition vote has been the most constant of all the third-party polls, never rising above 264,133, or falling below 132,007 during the past ten Presidential elections. It is interesting to note that the habit of independent voting had become so fixed with the members of the party that they put up a ticket at the Presidential election of 1920 after the Prohibition Amendment had been ratified.

The Socialists, who had polled light votes as Social Democrats and Social Labourites in 1896 and 1900, presented their first united Presidential ticket in 1904, when they polled 402,283 votes. Four years later their vote was 420,793, and in 1912 it rose to 901,873. In 1916 it fell away to 590,579, and rose again in 1920 to 915,302, which however, included the votes of the newly enfranchised women and the anti-war advocates. The Socialist vote of 1904 was 2.9 per cent of the total vote cast at that election. The vote in 1920 was 3.5 per cent of the total vote cast.

It is a striking fact that during these twelve consecutive Presidential elections, the combined vote of all the "third" parties never amounted to more than six per cent of the total vote given to all the candidates, except in 1892, when the Democratic party-split brought the Populist vote up to 8.6 per cent of the total vote, and in 1912, when the Republican split raised the Socialist vote to 6.1 per cent. If the average of the combined vote of the third parties be taken for the whole forty-four years, which includes the disturbances of two great wars and many social upheavals, it will be found to be only 3.8 per cent of the total. That is, for nearly a half century of American politics, and including periods in which party-disaffection was very pronounced, never more than eleven voters out of a hundred have broken away from the two principal parties; and several times it has been less than three in the hundred.

It must be apparent, therefore, that while a large number of Democrats will sometimes vote the Republican ticket, and a corresponding number of Republicans will vote the Democratic ticket, no considerable number of either will ever vote a third-party ticket. In 1916, the proportion of the Democratic vote to the total was 49.3 per cent; in 1920, it was 33.7. Yet, notwithstanding the large number of disaffected Democrats in the last election, they voted the Republican ticket rather than that of any of the third parties. In spite of this enormous Democratic "protest" vote, the combined vote of the Socialists, Prohibitionists, and Farmer-Labourites was only 5.2 per cent of the total vote.

There appear to be approximately four voters on an average in each hundred who refuse to be led by either the Democratic or the Republican parties. Occasionally they are joined by one or two others; sometimes one or two desert them; but there is always an average of four who will enter neither the Republican nor the Democratic fold. One of these four has voted the Prohibition ticket; the other three have voted the

various tickets that from year to year have attracted their attention, whether it be Greenback, Populist, Social Democrat, Socialist, or Farmer-Labour.

If statistics, then, ever prove anything, the voting of the last half century would seem to indicate that the American voter is constitutionally averse to the use of third parties as a means of effecting political ends, and it would appear to be the part of wisdom for our doctrinaires and parlour statesmen who seek to transform the world to inquire into the cause. It is poor economy to devote energy to tasks that are impossible of accomplishment.

The reason why third parties in the United States remain third parties till they die becomes apparent when the nature of American politics is considered. The politics of the country is carried on by politicians, that is, by men and women who seek personal gain, either in the form of office or of special legislation in behalf of business. Other citizens are only passively interested. They may temporarily take part in politics when corruption and inefficiency are no longer endurable; but their efforts are spasmodic, and they quickly abandon the field to the professionals.

The reason why the politicians stick to their parties lies, of course, in the fact that offices and special legislation are to be had of the party in power. As there is not the remotest possibility of a third party's carrying an election in any given campaign, the seeker after favours wisely confines his choice to the possible winners, which are inevitably the candidates of the two old parties. At no election during the past fifty years would any sane person seeking office or special legislation of the forthcoming Administration have thought of voting the ticket of one of the new parties. This was true of the last election, when it was known beyond a shadow of a doubt that either Governor Cox or Senator Harding would be the next President, in spite of anything the Socialists, Prohibitionists, or Farmer-Labourites might do.

Similarly the choice for President has been confined to one of two men at each election since the Civil War, with the possible exception of 1912, when President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt divided the Republican vote between them. Hence, all persons seeking favours of the next Administration have supported one or the other of the two candidates. This is not to say that all American voters seek office or are looking for special legislation; but the voters who constitute the backbone of the party are. If the plain disinterested citizen would give as much attention to politics as the politician does, other results could be expected; but the average "good citizen" rarely attends a primary, and he feels that he has discharged his full duty as a democratic member of society when he has cast his ballot on election day.

But effective politics means something more than merely voting for a candidate on election day. The politician not only votes for one of the candidates who may succeed, but he works for him. He induces his friends and neighbours to support him. It would surprise some of our "good citizens" to know how many votes are controlled in this way. A vast number of voters are so indifferent to the issues at stake, and have their political sense so little developed that they are easily influenced by social obligations and the ties of friendship. The reformer and the good citizen take little note of their neighbours, save when seeking their votes; whereas the politician is extending the "glad hand" throughout the year, and establishing a relationship that will warrant him in asking political support for his party at the next election.

On the other hand, the doctrinaires and chronic reformers emerge from their seclusion early in the campaign-year with ready-made platforms composed of declarations extending all the way from a panacea to the Golden Rule, and enthusiastically call upon their fellow-countrymen to emancipate themselves by taking their government out of the hands of the politicians. In response, a few fine, honest, disinterested, but wholly impractical citizens join them, and the fight for "liberty and justice" is on.

But these well-intentioned persons come to the voters as strangers; possibly as "highbrows," speaking a language the people do not understand; perhaps as enthusiasts whose momentary zeal borders on fanaticism; or mayhap as visionaries and dreamers whose words are so extravagant that they frighten or arouse suspicion in the mind of the common man of the humdrum world, and all of these come upon the voter demanding in the name of intelligence, decency, and justice that he abandon the old political parties, and align himself with the new.

Opposed to these sporadic campaigns is the natural conservatism of man, his inclination to go with the crowd, his desire to accommodate his neighbour who has an office, or who wants one, and last, but by no means least, his profound aversion to "throwing away his vote." Balloting for candidates and platforms is one of the lesser incidents in his life. He himself wants no office; he seeks no special legislation for himself; and his understanding of political affairs is confined for the most part to what he reads in his party-paper or hears at the party-rally. Hence, whatever pride he has prompts him to stick to his own party. When for any reason he becomes so disgusted with his party that he wishes to see it defeated, he casts his vote for the opposition, where it will have double weight, rather than for a new party, in which he knows that it will count only half as much.

If, or when, republican government becomes so enlightened and purified that an election means the choice of only the chief executive and the legislature—the latter chosen by proportional representation—with all appointees holding office through merit alone, and no legislation conferring financial advantage upon any man at the expense of any other man, then citizens may feel themselves free to vote their political convictions. Under such conditions it is possible that third parties may become second parties.

Two things have led reformers in this country into the belief that the new or third party is a practical means of applying political force effectively. One is that many European countries have had three or more effective parties. The other is the supposition that our political parties have grown through a period of years from small beginnings to ultimate triumph. History shows this to be the reverse of the fact. Parties in this country that begin small remain small. Unless they spring at once into second place, they never get there at all. The Republican party did not begin as a third party. Its first Presidential candidate, General Fremont, supported by the Free-Soilers and anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats under the name "Republican," stood second at the polls in 1856, and first in 1860. Since that time no new party has even remotely approached second place at the polls.

Political parties are not made by leaders. Leaders may take up and give expression to a popular sentiment, but the sentiment must first be in the minds of the people. If a political idea be held by a comparatively small number of voters its expression may be through a faction in one of the chief parties, or by

means of a small third party that remains a small third party till it disappears. If an idea dominates the minds of a great mass of people, such as the free-silver or the anti-slavery sentiment, it will find expression either in the capture of one of the principal parties, as the Free-silverites captured the Democratic party in 1896, or in the birth of a new principal party, after the manner of the Republican party in 1856. The development of an idea within one of the two principal parties may be a matter of gradual growth; but the birth of a principal party must be spontaneous.

Many earnest and thoughtful men and women are longing for a split in the Republican and Democratic parties, in order that the liberal and progressive members in each may unite in opposition to the conservatives and reactionaries in both. But this can not be accomplished by self-appointed leaders with laboured and artificial platforms. It can come only as the free-silver and the anti-slavery sentiment swept the minds of the people. Such a reconstruction of parties may come as the result of education and enlightenment, or as the consequence of gross political corruption. But the probabilities are that as long as official patronage and special legislation are at the disposal of the party in power, the leaders of the old parties will incorporate these new ideas in their platforms and enact them into law just as fast as they show political strength.

The relation of the third-party sentiment to the old parties is not unlike that of the Protestant Reformation to the Roman Catholic Church. Corruption at Rome led to the schism; but the schism in turn led to the reform of the Church, and to the abuses, bickerings, and jealousies among the Protestants, so that, as Macaulay says: "Fifty years after the Lutheran separation, Catholicism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean. A hundred years after the separation, Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic." It is the old, old story of moral laxness that follows success, and renewed virtue that comes of adversity. The one thing that the enlightened and disinterested man and woman can do in behalf of good government is to devote intelligent attention to public affairs, and overcome the ignorance and indifference of the mass of voters. No matter how corrupt politics may become, wisdom and a good example will not fail of effect, and politicians will be quick to respond to crystallized public sentiment.

There still remain, of course, the propaganda-uses of third parties. They will lend themselves, it is contended, as vehicles for advertising and spreading ideas that the old parties refuse to accept. There is some truth in this claim, but it is accompanied by many disadvantages. The general prejudice against third parties is so strong that ideas put forth by that means are apt to be discredited rather than advanced. The Prohibition party was intensely disliked by the Republicans because it drew its strength mainly from their party, and though the country finally adopted prohibition, the people, on the whole, refused to support the Prohibition party.

Our reformers, parlour statesmen, and doctrinaires may regret this. They may offer all manner of reasons and excuses, and denounce their fellow-citizens as unworthy of the suffrage; but here are the facts. The history of American politics since the spoils-system came into vogue, constitutes an unbroken record. The outstanding fact is that no new political party can hope to succeed to power in the United States unless it enters the arena full-grown, like Minerva from the brow of Jove.

STOUGHTON COOLEY.

THOMAS HOBBES: ARCH-ANARCH.¹ It is the pastime of him who made "The Leviathan" to cow those who sail the ships of the world by playing upon their fears of they know not what, and when he has frightened them into a receptive mood, he flatters them: telling them they are not fools. Because they would rather paddle their own canoes than sweat as galley slaves, they are freemen. Therefore whatever duties they have arise from their own deliberate choice, and the more duties, the more free they are! Hence liberty consists in submission! There is no immediately apparent escape from this vicious circle, but we who are so familiar with cant about freedom hold the very thing itself to be contemptuous. As Hobbes observes: "The Athenians (to keep them from the desire to change their government) were taught that they were freemen." He has once before in "The Leviathan" given way to his besetting sin of candour, and with considerable damage to all but his own greatness. In his metaphysical century the notion of prehistoric times as a continuous war of all against all would have passed as good anthropology. Yet he admits, and rightly, that it is all bunk. This weakens his argument wherever bunk is essential, but forensic weakness is his philosophic strength. As a politician, although pusillanimous, Hobbes can not be dismissed; mankind itself is fearful. As a thinker he can command nothing but respect; most men do not think at all. In this present desert-time of democracy his penetrating observation on the Athenians is as a cooling stream and waving palms.

The Periclean motivation is the clue to his own, for why should an out-and-out hundred-per-center teach that "in the condition of mere nature, all men are equal," unless with a like deceiving motive? He seems to throw scientific accuracy to the winds in order to suffer a defeat at the hands of liberalism. But the defeat is Fabian. To account for the Social Contract with authority, the initial force would seem a more plausible science and would be more consistent with the general character of his system. But expressly he rejects authority in favour of its alternative: the State arises by force of common convenience. Hobbes is thus involved in the devil of a contradiction of his quasi-naturalist premise, that man is essentially nihilistic, that society is artificial and in immanent danger of a resurgence of natural impulses. Most adroitly he throws dust in our eyes. The contract which produced the sovereign was the act of all, consequently "every subject is author of every act which his sovereign doeth." This subterfuge is none other than the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, so orthodox in the United States. Since the days of Andrew Jackson that doctrine has meant the sovereignty of demagogues. Its real import is tyrannical as few of its upholders save Hobbes understood. Perhaps the ambiguous Jesuits did, but no mediaeval politician save William of Occam, none of the Puritans and certainly none of our moderns who display their wisdom (alas, unconscious), in the periodic remark: "Tsarist Russia, you know, was really very democratic!"

The doctrine whose foundation the arch-anarch feebly tries to explode is expressed in the famous saying that "Man is a community-building animal." This implies a conception of a positive faculty for liberty inherent in mankind which it would be the purpose of a commonwealth to nurture. This is the highest earthly good, and not (as with Hobbes) happiness, which according to the teaching of the schoolmen, whom he derided and completely misunderstood, is a usual and

normal accompaniment of the highest good and not the highest good itself. It is only in the vacuous absence of this conception that the arguments of Hobbes have any force. But one can with immense practical advantage explore the realms of this vacuity. Political thought has exhausted its possibilities of variation, so that a revaluation of its judgments can supply an answer to the questions of those who are seeking for technique of action, many of whom unfortunately resemble the automobilist who, when his friend asked, "Where are we going?" replied, "You fool, can't you see I'm going faster?"

One can find a way of escape from Hobbes's prison house and from his jailor by answering the question: Freedom to do what? Not only the answer but even the question itself can be of use in a state of anarchy. Order must be the first law; but order is a matter of choice: Who are to be kept in order, the mighty in their seats, or the meek and humble? The mighty and the wise can profitably answer that it is more than a question of choice, it is a question of necessity: Who can be kept in order? The answer of course is the humble. But the answer of the wise is more long-winded than that of the mighty: If the mighty are never put down, the result is anything but order. Under such conditions it becomes necessary to choose a very crude way of terminating anarchy, and that way is called revolution. Order indeed can be built only with this right held in reserve; the order produced by oppression is itself disorder.

Hobbes rejects this banal right of revolution because of the craven spirit which informed his mind in the very pattern of caution, and caused him to make the great refusal of pessimism in rejecting the Aristotelian assumption. His acute reason reveals pitilessly the empty optimism of his absolutist politics. When the Italian communes wrote upon the towers of their cities the bold-face letters *Libertas*, they meant that they were independent. They suffered under an unhappy confusion of ideas, as did the revolutionists who confounded *liberté* with *égalité*. These deceivers of the people, however, were in more fortunate states of mind than the politician so poverty-stricken that he could reduce the technique of liberty to the bare formula that the subject must preserve the original purpose of government. But let us try to see on Hobbes's own ground just how far this small concession will carry us.

Hobbes says that government was devised to relieve men from the necessity of slaughtering one another. One would not so judge from the frontispiece of his work, for beneath the pictured monster, there are ten tablets: a fortress from one of whose bastions a gun is being fired; a crown to fight for; a cannon to fight with; banners and drums to fight behind; a battle to fight in. So much for the civil authority of this sovereign of a land of peaceful hills and towns. The ecclesiastical authority is no less suggestively pictured: a church to preach and pray for war; a mitre, the reward for so doing; a thunderbolt which oppressed subjects may pray will dispatch their sovereign; pronged weapons of the mortal god, foremost of which, as we have found, is a two-horned dilemma; and last of all, that all may be complete, an inquisition. These are the blessings of Hobbes's commonwealth, which is to deliver mankind from the terrors of the no-State; and be it said to the credit of the artist that one does not ask for more.

But let us, just for answer, enter upon this region of vacuity. Everybody knows by heart the final adjectives of Hobbes's description of the natural state of

¹ Concluding "Thomas Hobbes: Twin to Terror." The Freeman, 2 November, page 176.

man "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish and short." But almost nobody remembers the description itself, which is as follows:

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common Power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called Warre; and such a warre, as is of every man, against every man. For Warre, consisteth not in Battell onely, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the Will to contend by Battell is sufficiently known; and therefore the notion of *Time*, is to be considered in the nature of Warre; as it is in the nature of Weather. For as the nature of Foule weather, lyeth not in a shoure or two of rain; but in an inclination thereto of many dayes; the conduct of warre depends not upon actual fighting but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is Peace.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of Warre, where every man is Enemy to every man; the same is consequent to the time, wherein men live without other security, than what their own strength, and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for Industry; because the fruit thereof is uncertain: and consequently no Culture of the Earth; no Navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by Sea; no commodious Building; no Instruments of moving, and removing such things, as require much force; no Knowledge of the face of the Earth; no account of Time; no Arts; no Letters; no Society; and which is worst of all, continual feare, and danger of violent death; And the life of man, solitary, poore, nasty, brutish and short.

Who can read these cold, cold sentences where every word drops into its place with the punctiliose ness of a mechanism, without a swelling in the throat at the thought that afterwards the condition imagined by the greatest philosopher of the State as the hypothetical condition of man in the abysmal darkness of the no-State before the dawn of States should so closely resemble the world as it is to-day? When the swelling goes down and we have swallowed the lump, let us have a good laugh. We have defeated Hobbes on his own ground.

War means (and no longer only theoretically nowadays) the necessity of every man to kill every other man and get himself killed as a part of the bargain. This is indeed an offence—not against man who deserves no better fate—but against God; and what is more it is "destructive of the very essence of government," it "frustrates the end for which sovereignty was ordained." There is a liberty to refuse; i.e., to refuse existence to the State; and thus we are plunged into anarchy, or rather into the avowal of anarchy as a fact, for in truth are we not plunged into a condition of anarchy already?

Now that our little practical joke on Hobbes is at an end, now that we have found the solemn apologist of authority is nothing but a silly nihilist, now that we have frightened him into an attentive mood, it is well to observe in all seriousness, that he grossly underestimates the impediments to liberty which come from the beneficent will of our sovereign and the hostile will of others. The state of nature may be less desirable than a commonwealth, but a despotism may become so irksome that men may be led to prefer the state of nature, i.e., to build communities. Despotism produces anarchy, a thing even worse than order; but from anarchy by force of convenience alone comes a State. Hence despotism is worse than anarchy. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

It can not be said too often that there is no State which is not a despotism, and all of them proud of it. Haply in no dramatic way, the cycle of despotism and anarchy will grind along, grinding even such monsters as the Leviathan, exceeding small.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XX.

BEIRA, EAST AFRICA, October, 1921.

It has taken me nearly three months, my excellent Eusebius, to decide whether to go East or West. There is no doubt about my "call," as the theologians have it, to America, but meanwhile I have arrived at a definition of a patriot which puts England and Western Europe out of court. The patriot is he who is more careful of public money than of his own. With that in my head and heart how can I go to London or Paris? And America? I fancy that one-hundred-per-cent Americanism is wearing rather thin; anyhow America is a large place and the anti-patriots (in my sense) are probably all gathered at Washington, D. C., where let them remain on their island of nonsense in the ocean of good sense. Henceforth, I abjure politics; my definition is my last word and nothing shall again seduce me from my mother, Literature, and my father, the Drama. I return like a prodigal from the swinish husks and devote myself to my business of setting down this strange world as I see it without fear of or thought for the consequences.

I must have been thinking very powerfully in the African wilderness, for no sooner did I come in contact with the commercial swindle which has usurped the name and the place of civilization than there was trouble, very deep, very furious and very laughable, because it proved that the swindlers who profit by it agree with Blake and the prophet Isaiah that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God. The story is rather wonderful but I can not tell it at present because it belongs in part to others than myself. It will out in good time and I hope in good form, and I am left serene and happy with a copy of "Pigs and Peacocks" which reached me three weeks ago, my first taste of books and the making of books for nearly a year. How I fondled the book and caressed it and how ludicrous it is to pretend that there is anything stronger in the world than a man's love for the material he works in. Women do not like that and therefore we all pretend that it is not so, but the love of woman passes and a man returns to his ink or his bricks or his cattle or his stone. I am inclined to think that there is nothing else in life, for I have known butchers with a real passion for dead flesh and not a desire beyond it, and I am sure that this is the rock on which the commercial swindle will split. Destroy the quality of a man's material and he will sooner or later have your blood, for you have taken away from him his daily delight in living.

However, I have done my thinking and now I am for the sea and the East, unknown to me, but friendly, so I judge from occasional letters that I receive, and able to give me what at last I have found lacking in my sojourn with horses, dogs and black men, the curious awareness which is the beginning of wisdom. For uninterrupted, solitary refinement of thought give me Africa where the earth and the sun are still triumphant, but when thought has been refined into distillation, then human intercourse must be sought to take the chill from the nerves and the weariness from the brain: and so in search of that I now set out for Bombay, Shanghai, Tokio and California *en route* for New York and ultimately London, whence I set out two years ago to find out how the European collapse had affected the rest of the world. As I thought, Europe stagnates while the rest of the world leaps ahead, discovering that when the sun shines and the rain falls there is no reason why anyone should starve and even less why anyone should wait upon the pleasure of that last ditch of feudalism, the British Foreign Office.

One last political word and I promise that there shall be no more from me. I see that the ferocious Churchill is insisting on one hundred million pounds sterling for the British navy. Why? It is like insisting that unless you have a bigger stick than you can carry at home you are certain to be attacked in your walks abroad. How can there be argument about it? The world at present can not afford to spend a penny on things that it can not eat or wear, and if the British Empire depends on battle-

ships and armies, the British Empire will have to go. If the British Empire does not or will not help to feed the human race, there is an end of the matter and no conference at Geneva or Washington can help it. The world does not want gold or steel or diamonds: it wants corn and cattle, and bluff or no bluff it will have them and as the Americans are probably the only people in the world who understand corn and cattle the future is theirs. Their skill in that trade puts them at least two generations ahead of any other people and that is an advantage which can not be protected or destroyed by armaments. Corn and cattle have to be raised wherever possible and every other issue is and must be decided by that factor. There is really nothing, then, for the Washington conference to discuss.

I speak, you see, like a farmer, but then I have been a farmer for three months and know the absurdity of rich land being allowed to run to waste because the steel that should have made railways has been wasted in making battleships and guns, so that ploughs and harrows are ruinously expensive. What a world! Here are millions caught in great cities where they can not feed themselves and hundreds of millions of acres of good land are left untouched, grain rotting and fruit falling uselessly from the trees, and all that the most powerful men in the world can think of is battleships. But these men have no power in these times. They are but shadows on the "movie" screen, providing entertainment. The mass of men moves to the disaster which they prefer to the nullity of existence; and where disaster is extreme enough there is an awakening to a vision which, amid all the clamour, is announced in the silence of the dead.

For a month of two, then, I say farewell to the West and drop myself as is my habit into new places and a new life, letting what will come; seeking nothing, buying nothing, accepting only what is freely given in return for the gift of myself. Much has resulted, more than I know at present, from my having dropped myself into Africa among the wild beasts and the wild men and the queer rascals who drift in and out of the half-settled valleys and plains. I leave something of myself, my lodge in the wilderness, my garden, and God knows what myth of the strange *inkoos* who cared nothing for money or drink or gold; and made friends with horses and dogs and had no woman and yet, using horrible language upon occasion, could not possibly be a missionary. I take much away: a knowledge of quiet places, the deep life of the African night and, most strangely of all, a more fiercely burning contact between my own spirit and the spirit of European civilization than ever before. Words have become deadly, so that I can only use them at the proper time and the proper place, but most deadly of all has become silence, of which also I have learned the proper use. That qualifies me for the East, and so by the first boat from Beira I shall go there.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

So Anatole France has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. I heard the news just a few moments after I had been made privy, by a suspicious radical, to a sinister plot to deprive M. France of the honour on the grounds that he is a communist. Evidently the Scandinavian mandarins have not yet acquired our American technique in such matters. With Whitman excluded from New York's Hall of Fame because of his heresies, it is hardly likely that the powers that govern such matters in this country would extend any mark of approval to so delightful a heretic as the creator of *Jérôme Coignard* and author of the incomparable series of "Contemporary History," those four masterpieces of irony, "Le Mannequin d'osier," "L'Anneau d'améthyste," "L'Orme du mail" and "M. Bergeret à Paris." It is unnecessary to speak of Anatole France's political writings in order to convince oneself of his ineligibility for any kind of academic honour at the hands of our native pundits. Remember his two volumes on *Jeanne d'Arc*, and try to imagine what our intellectual hierarchy would do to the author of a similar-

ly dispassionate analysis of the Lincoln legend. As for the manifold wickedness of "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédaueque," the sinful frivolity of "L'Histoire comique," and the devastating satire of "L'Île des pingouins," I fear they would long since have banished their author to the limbo where languish the victims of our Archibald Stevensons and Anthony Comstocks.

At the same time I hasten to confess to a suspicion that the native optimism of even our class-conscious radicals might revolt from the sardonic disillusionment of "Les Dieux ont soif," had that dissection of the revolutionary mind been applied to more immediate victims than the heroes of the French Revolution. In other words, Anatole France, somehow or other, does not seem to fit in anywhere in our American scheme of things. Indeed, I might almost say that he is a phenomenon alien to the Anglo-Saxon world, though I am told that the vogue of the handsome English edition of his works is both enduring and considerable. Did not Mr. J. C. Squire declare that these translations would make it entirely unnecessary for him ever to look at the original? Such patriotic enthusiasm is beyond me, I admit, although I have no desire to make any reflection upon the men and women who have been at work upon the difficult and elusive task of capturing for English-speaking readers the subtle charm and beauty of Anatole France's prose. His style is the complement of his mind. It is so quintessentially French, so deeply steeped in Gallic tradition, so indubitably and triumphantly Latin, that I do not know what conclusion is to be drawn from this Mercurial declaration of independence, except that Mr. Squire is certainly not qualified to proceed, as he does, from that to a depreciatory estimate of the greatest living French writer.

SPEAKING of literary patriotism, reminds me of the outcry a year ago, when the Nobel Prize was awarded, and it was discovered that Mr. Thomas Hardy had been again passed over. In certain quarters in London I actually heard the suggestion that it was now incompatible with the dignity of English letters to continue to put forward candidates, since they were so pointedly ignored. The selection of that remarkable Swiss poet, Karl Spitteler, was cited as a particular insult to the claims of Mr. Hardy, or even to those of Mr. Joseph Conrad, although I fancy time will decide, with the Swedish committee, that the poet of "Olympischer Frühling" is a more considerable creator than the author of "Lord Jim." I raise this point by way of protest against the assumption that Switzerland is ruled out of serious literary discussion merely because Englishmen know more about Mont Blanc than about Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Gottfried Keller and Karl Spitteler—all Swiss writers of the highest distinction in German literature. I do not pretend to understand the peculiar choice of the Nobel Committee on past occasions. The omission of Anatole France for so many years is only slightly less astonishing than the case of Thomas Hardy because it has now been belatedly remedied.

THERE is, I think, a tendency to regard this Nobel Prize altogether too seriously. Since the first award was made to Sully-Prudhomme—an ominous beginning!—in 1901, twenty-one authors have received the prize, most of whom I should describe as men of just a little more than average talent. The outstanding figures are undoubtedly Theodore Mommsen, Björnstjerne Björnson, Giosuè Carducci, Gerhart Hauptmann and Knut Hamsun. With these Anatole France obviously belongs. But what can be said for Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz, Kipling, Eucken, Selma Lagerlöf, Paul Heyse, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rabindranath Tagore, Romain Rolland, Verner von Heidenstam, Carl Gjellerup, Hendrik Pontoppidan? Not one of them had any claim to fame greater than that of Swinburne, D'Annunzio, Pierre Loti, Meredith, Henry James or Pérez Galdos, to mention a few names of international renown at random, which the Swedish Academy has passed over since the Nobel Prize was established. The remarkable fact is that, of the major literatures, English

has been drawn upon no oftener than Swiss and Belgian, unless Tagore be counted along with Mr. Kipling as representing English literature. If I am not mistaken, the very choice of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" as the sole Englishman on the roll of prize-winners is regarded by a good many people in England as perilously like adding insult to injury.

As a matter of fact, it does seem quaint to find the laureate band of jingoism exalted above the poet of "The Dynasts" and the creator of Sir Willoughby Patterne, especially under the terms of a legacy destined to promote the literature of idealism. Yet, here, I suspect, is the clue to the apparently erratic choice of such writers as the estimable Paul Heyse and the near-Ibsen, Echegaray, and to those sins of omission which never fail to arouse protest whenever the decisions of the committee are announced. The Swedish Academy inevitably sees literature in the perspective of Continental Europe, and there the names of Meredith and Mr. Hardy are relatively unknown, whereas Mr. Kipling enjoys in our time something like the renown of Byron in his day. England has few illusions about Byron's rank as a poet, but on the Continent he is still mentioned with Shakespeare as one of the most illustrious figures in English literature. Whatever may be said of the twenty-one gentlemen whom the Nobel committee has singled out for recognition, they are all familiar to the European reading public, at least by name. With the exception of a couple of the later Scandinavians, they are actually known throughout the English-speaking world. One does not need to be a Pole, or to have specialized in Polish literature, in order to know Sienkiewicz; but in the Latin countries and in Central Europe, only a very small circle has heard of most of Mr. Kipling's superiors.

I SEE further evidence of this Continental internationalism in the fact that eleven of these twenty-one authors published their work in German or in one of the Scandinavian languages, and the literatures of these countries are kept in the closest contact by immediate translations from one to the other. I do not think there is a Danish, Norwegian or Swedish author of the least importance whose books are not published in German; and throughout Scandinavia German authors are as familiar as their English contemporaries are in this country. The country most numerously represented among the Nobel prize-winners after those, is France, as might be expected of a literature written in the language of international culture; although I must say I can not feel that any French writer of the first rank indisputably has been selected until this present year. If it were customary for the newcomers to prepare a discourse upon their predecessors, Anatole France would probably be considerably embarrassed, were it his duty to estimate Sully-Prudhomme or Mistral or M. Maeterlinck, though he might certainly say that M. Romain Rolland more closely corresponds to the type of writer whom Nobel had in mind when creating this prize than any other on the list.

SOME months ago an industrious Frenchman took the trouble to make an inquiry into the circumstances of these Nobel prizes, and he discovered that, in a great many cases, important names had to be eliminated because they had not been sent forward in accordance with the precise conditions laid down. In fact, he made the discovery that many of the striking omissions were due to the fact that the writers in question had not been proposed at all. It would be interesting to know what American authors have been suggested, and by whom. Has our Authors' League ever snatched a few precious moments from the discussion of moving-picture scenarios and royalties—which seems to be the chief preoccupation of this illustrious body—in order to select and send forward in due form an American name or two for consideration by the Swedish Academy? We have novelists as good, if not better, than Messrs. Gjellerup and Heyse, and surely we have one dramatist comparable with Echegaray, or superior to him? I fear,

however, that it would be difficult to get the requisite support for the sort of candidates I would like to nominate. Original, creative power does not seem to combine very well with the sort of qualifications which are exacted of those Americans upon whom the powers that be bestow their favour.

EVIDENTLY Anatole France, despite his heresies, has passed his Scandinavian judges at last, without the retraction of a single one of his social or political blasphemies. He did not need the distinction of a Nobel prize, any more than he needed a chair in the French Academy, but I am reminded of what Baudelaire wrote to Sainte-Beuve, when the latter was made a Senator: "So now you are the equal (officially) of a lot of mediocre people. What does it matter? Perhaps you wish it; maybe you needed it? You are satisfied, so I am happy."

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HAPPY ENDING.

ONE of the few American plays of the present New York season, honestly conceived and carried through as an intelligent "criticism of life," and yet written in the ordinary idiom of our speech and of our popular drama, so that it never gave one the impression of copying the Continental manner, was "The Hero" by Mr. Emory Pottle. This play has lately been withdrawn, after the manager had made a sustained and commendable effort, at considerable sacrifice, to win the favour of the public. The play ended "unhappily," and the public gave many indications, by letter and otherwise, that such an ending displeased, not to say repelled them. Thus a genuine contribution to our very slender stock of worthy native plays has gone into the discard, because the public would not support it.

The psychology of the theatre-going public in this matter is worth some consideration, for it has a vast influence upon our drama, and even upon our printed literature; though to a less devastating extent there, because much less money is invested in a book than in a play, and a book can always find out its readers, a few at a time, in scattered regions.

The story of "The Hero" is simple. There are two brothers: one is dull, steady, plodding, good and conscientious. He supports a wife and child. He makes a home for his extremely trying mother. In times past, when the younger brother ran away, he refunded the money which the boy had taken with him. Life is none too kind to him, but he faces it bravely. The war comes, the youngster enlists in the Foreign Legion, and ultimately turns up at his brother's house, with a game foot and a brace of hero's crosses. Brother Andrew, forgiving him for the past, takes him in, as he and his wife have taken in a Belgian war-orphan, a girl; and Mrs. Andrew makes a fool of herself over him. Young Oswald, however, is still a rotter in peace, though a hero in war. He makes no effort to find work, contented to sponge on his struggling brother. He seduces the Belgian girl. He snarls and snaps at his old mother. Ultimately, he steals \$500 of church funds collected for destitute French children largely as a result of his own appearance in the pulpit—the money was in his brother's house because Andrew is the church treasurer—and departs with it, after making a vulgar threat to Andrew's wife because she has foolishly loved him. He has not gone far, however, before he encounters a schoolhouse on fire, and immediately he rushes into the flames to rescue the children and loses his life. His sister-in-law, alone possessed of the secret of his crime, tells Andrew that she gave his brother the

church money to deposit in the bank, and the poor plodding brother, full of his honest grief, is at least happy in the thought that "little Oswald" died a hero.

The play makes plain a complete divorce between physical bravery and moral courage, or even moral worth. It says that a man's character is not necessarily made over by his risking his life in a uniform. To give the drama a "happy ending," to save Oswald from the fire, and display him thereafter as a reformed character, quite like one of Mr. Winchell Smith's crooks in the last act, would have been to take the point, the irony, the sting quite out. Why do the public demand that this shall be done? Why do they prefer the "happy ending" to truth and even common sense?

It is because the average American audience in a theatre is incapable of taking a detached view of art, incapable of the dual rôle of participant and onlooker. The average audience is exclusively participant. Now, it is both the great merit and the great handicap of drama that it compels participation of all beholders, or it is not drama. Drama is emotion. The audience must be participants, and on the degree of their participation depends the effectiveness of the play. But it follows that the more intense and sympathetic the participation, the more the intellect, the judgment, the calmness of the onlooker, are put aside. The misfortune of a character may thus be the misfortune of a friend, a theft committed may put a blemish on one we should like to see come off clean, and while our minds might tell us that this is the way it actually would happen, our hearts tell us that it must not be so. Against this simple-mindedness, this lack of sophistication, the drama will always have to struggle, and to struggle harder and less successfully than other forms of fiction both because it is directly dependent on the immediate patronage of the public in the mass, and because, by its own laws, it compels, even of the sophisticated, the maximum of emotional participation. What critics so often describe as the public's unwillingness to face the truth is in reality only in small part that. It is merely their inability to take a dual attitude towards a play in a theatre, in other words, to divorce it from the reality of their emotional response.

The frequently observed willingness of the public to accept "unhappy endings" in foreign plays, also, is not entirely due to the fact that such plays attract the more sophisticated, but quite as much, perhaps, to the fact that the emotional response even to the best of them lacks something of the keenness of that given to the poorer of our native dramas. In the case of a foreign play, the participation of the audience is not so vivid, and hence the intellect has more play. The more remote the time and place of a tragedy, the more readily will it be accepted. It could hardly be otherwise, in drama, since in life itself our emotions vary inversely as the distance, and what is not near to us is not dear to us.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A CONFERENCE TO MAKE WAR CHEAPER.

SIRS: Washington is the seat of an amazing gathering of the agents of militarism who are holding a conference, smoke-screened with the idea that it has something to do with peace. It has. It has just as much to do with peace as the national convention of patent-medicine manufacturers has to do with health—and that is a good deal. They are all keenly concerned about it.

The first smoke-screen called it "for disarmament." Then it took on the colour, "for the limitation of armaments." Later it assumed the aspect of, "for the reduction of armaments." Then it became "the arms conference." But the real

purpose has been and will continue to be a *conference to make war cheaper*. This should be the name of the conference now sitting at Washington; and this is its natural and practical purpose.

The simple-minded folk over the breadth of the land have rejoiced at the proposal to scrap some battleships. This is equivalent to a resolution to agree to carry on war without using any more stone hatchets—they are expensive as well as useless. There will be enough saved on this programme to make enough poison gas and poison-gas-carrying aerial devices to wipe out the whole human race. "The cost of one battleship will build a thousand schools" has been the slogan of our good people; but let us patiently wait and see if they get the thousand schools. No, the economy will first appear in reducing the taxes on war-profiteering; and beyond that there will not be seen much relief to anybody.

This conference has nothing to do with peace because there is not a man-jack in the whole outfit who would raise his voice to offer a single hint that touches upon the causes of war. Not a whisper will be heard that might even suggest an interest in the elimination of the causes of war.

The burden of the expense of war has become so great that the war-making forces, called Governments, are on the brink of destruction, and their ability to make war is on the verge of going down with them. Their supporters know that if they lose the power to make war, it is their end. With the exception of Japan and the United States, none of the militaristic nations could afford to go into another war, because war is too expensive; and another war would finish these two. They have failed in their war against Russia. Things look serious. From the business standpoint there is only one thing to do: war must be made cheaper.

I say it deliberately and with due consideration of the consequences: any international conference, the actions of which do not approach the removal of the causes of war and which, on the other hand, succeeds in making war cheaper, contributes not to the interest of peace but to the perpetuation of war. The aggregate result of this conference will be that the world will be brought nearer to the next war by its actions. This conference is animated by the same spirit and dominated by the same influences as made the "peace-conference" of Versailles a promoter of war. The world expected much in the cause of peace, and got less than nothing. We are now witnessing the natural succession to Versailles: a conference to promote war. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JAMES PETER WARASSE.

DANTE'S DEBT TO ARABIC LITERATURE.

SIRS: I was much interested in Mr. Henry B. Fuller's article on Dante's "Divine Comedy" which was published in your issue of 12 October. May I offer a foot-note thereto dealing with a certain aspect of the subject of which I have made a special study, namely: the indebtedness of European literature from the ninth to the sixteenth centuries to Arabic literature. The reason for this is not far to seek. Europe in the ninth century was not civilized enough to create her own literature, but the Arabs of Spain and Sicily were. Everything Arabian was studied and imitated by the Europeans of those times. There were Arab Universities in Spain, Sicily and Southern France. The Court of Frederick II, the Hohenstaufen Emperor, was Arab in everything, save in the outward form of its religion. Thomas Aquinas, Gourssetête, Abelard, Roger Bacon, Pope Sylvester II, and other European thinkers of those times, were brought up on Arabic culture. It has also been acknowledged that the troubadours of Provence, the early Italian poets, even Petrarch himself, were partly or wholly the product of Arab culture.

The poetry of the troubadours having spread to Italy, it was but natural that Dante should have been influenced by its unmistakable Islamic style. This much the European critics are willing to concede, but it seems not to have occurred to them that Dante took the central idea of his great epic directly from the Saracenic literature. The critics are still content to think that Homer and Virgil were the only models of the great Florentine. That is because they are not sufficiently acquainted with Oriental literatures, and so do not know the profound influence which the Arabs exercised on Dante's imagination. Thus Dante obtained the idea of his ascent to Heaven from Arabic literature. Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, in the Koran, is the first Arab to refer to his nocturnal voyage to Heaven. Several Mohammedan mystics developed the idea further, the greatest among them being Abenarabi, the Murcian. Abenarabi lived a little before Dante's time, and wrote a work, entitled: "The Revelations of Mecca," in which he describes the journey of a philosopher passing up

through the various Islamic Heavens. In the First of these Heavens, the philosopher sees Adam and the Spirit of the Moon; in the Second, he sees Jesus Christ, St. John the Baptist and Mercury; and finally, when he reaches the Seventh Heaven, he sees Abraham and Saturn there. This Arab philosopher was accompanied by a guide, just as Dante was by Virgil. Without doubt this great book must have come into Dante's hands, and thus become the source of inspiration of his masterpiece.

It may be added that Dante had great admiration for the Arabs. He often refers to their historians in his prose works, and though obliged by his religious beliefs to place Averroes and Avicenna in Hell along with Plato and Aristotle, does he not indirectly show his admiration for the Arabs by placing Thomas Aquinas, one of the chief products of Arabian culture in Europe, in Heaven. Dante's ideas about love and women also were far more akin to those of the chivalrous and romantic Arabs of those days than they were to those of any of his contemporaries or predecessors in Europe. I am, etc.,
New York City.

V. B. METTA.

WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF.

SIRS: Your esteemed Journeyman may be interested to know, in view of his causerie on the woodcuts of Mr. J. J. Lankes, in your issue of 2 November, that one gallery in New York, that of Mr. E. Weyhe, at 710 Lexington Avenue, has had Mr. Lankes's woodcuts on exhibition at various times during recent years.

I should like also to call Journeyman's attention to a curious twist in one of his subsequent paragraphs in the same issue of your paper. In his note about the new Italian-American magazine, *Broom*, Journeyman refers to "Strawinsky's powerful portrait-sketch of Picasso." Of course it is not impossible, in these days of many-sided genius, that a musician should draw a portrait of an artist, but one observes that the style of the drawing is amazingly like that of Picasso's in his latest period. Furthermore, the person does not look like Picasso—though this, I admit, is not a conclusive argument. Finally the *Broom* itself calls the picture a "drawing of Strawinsky." I am, etc.,
Mamaroneck, New York.

CARL ZIGROSSER.

THE LIMITATION OF NAVVIES.

SIRS: The reviewer of Mr. Chesterton's "New Jerusalem" in your issue for 19 October, seems to consider that he is furnishing evidence of Mr. Chesterton's wisdom when he quotes from the "New Jerusalem" the opinion that the Jewish problem will be nearer solution "when the Zionist can point proudly to a Jewish navvy who has *not* (the italics are Mr. Chesterton's) risen in the world."

Of course there are certain people who are in a position to point to their navvies, who have not risen in the world, but that they do this pointing with pride, is news to me; and I feel that it would be especially interesting to hear whether the navvies themselves feel very much elated about remaining for ever in that station of life which enables their differently situated brethren to point to them with pride.

Be this as it may, I should like to ask why it should be counted against a people that those of its members who happen to be navvies (Mr. Chesterton probably had many opportunities to observe Jewish navvies during his visit to Palestine), have sufficient ambition and intelligence to aspire to "rise in the world," and sufficient energy frequently to realize that desire? The occupation of a navvy was universal at a certain stage of human development, and one would think that the spirit that makes a navvy wish for something better is of the essence of human progress. As long as there is a world worth rising in, it is surely better for that world—and for the navvy too—to have problems of this nature continue indefinitely, than to "solve" them by the Chestertonian formula of: He (the navvy) shall not rise! I am, etc.,
Bryan, Texas.

S. LOMANITZ.

THE NON-CO-OPERATION MOVEMENT.

SIRS: Your correspondent, Mr. Rustom Rustomjee, in the *Freeman* for 7 September, questions the truth of many of the statements made in my article on Mahatma Gandhi's boycott published in your issue of 10 August. Evidently what is true to me is false to Mr. Rustomjee, and what is true to him is false to me. It is enough to say that my statements are based on facts and figures as published by the people of India, while his denials are based on statements made by the British Government in "white papers" and official "memoranda." In my opinion it is absurd to seek truth in such quarters.

Thus, in reply to my statement that, "In response to a national appeal, about 30,000 men and women have returned to the British Government their titles and badges and medals of honour," Mr. Rustomjee says: "Those who have renounced their titles, etc., could be counted on one's fingers." In this connexion, let me quote from an article published in the *Venturer*, a London magazine, a few months ago, by Dr. M. A. Anasari, the general secretary of the Indian National Congress:

It is difficult for those not in India to realize the great revolution which has taken place during the last six months in the mentality of the people. Take the rejection of great titles and honours. No precise figures are available, but from 25,000 to 26,000 titles have been formally renounced. No value is set on any honour or preferment given by the Government; instead, the recipients are held in contempt.

Later figures received by me from trustworthy sources in India place the figure of those who have rejected the British Government's baubles at 35,000.

"On the other hand," continues Mr. Rustomjee, "the number of Indians who have accepted badges of honour from the British Government after the inauguration of the non-co-operation movement runs into hundreds." I do not have to read the so-called "honour lists" issued by the British Government, as Mr. Rustomjee advises me to do, to learn of the existence of such persons in India. Were it not for such men, India, I believe, could be free of alien domination in a week. Let me quote Mahatma Gandhi himself on the subject:

They hold their titles, as several have admitted, because they have not the courage to risk loss of their wealth. I know more than one who were threatened with confiscation of their *jagirs* if they gave up Government-favours. I know many more who would not give up their titles or other honours, because they fear loss of banking-custom. So far is the influence of the Government felt. But all these would welcome the destruction of a system under which, if they gain a few lacs (hundred thousands) of rupees, crores (tens of millions) are drained out of the country without adequate return.

In reply to my statement that "Hundreds of candidates who stood for elections in the so-called Reformed Councils, created by the 'Home Rule' act, withdrew their candidacy," Mr. Rustomjee quotes figures from a British White Paper, which have no bearing at all on my statement. He endeavours to show how many seats and how many candidates ran for election in the final analysis; and again, he shows how many seats were uncontested in the first instance. My point is that, at the outset, many candidates offered themselves for election but, when the call came from Gandhi, the patriots among them withdrew their candidacy in hundreds, and many of these seats were afterwards filled by Indian royalists. Moreover, I know how many of such councillors were terrorized into accepting office, and to-day when these Indian members of the Legislative Councils appear in public, they are made the objects of derision and scorn.

In my article, I asserted that "thousands of lawyers of eminence have given up their practice in the British courts." Mr. Rustomjee's reply is: "I maintain that very few lawyers have obeyed Mr. Gandhi's summons." As a matter of fact, exact figures on this point will not be available until the end of the year, but those who are in touch with Indian affairs know that in the city of Lahore seventy per cent of its numerous lawyers have suspended practice; and in the populous district of Mymensingh a great many lawyers have ceased to practise. By the end of April last, forty-eight lawyers had suspended work in the subdivision of Karnatak, and in Andhra-Desha, 103. Indeed there is not a district or a city in all India where patriotic Indian lawyers have not given up their work in response to Gandhi's call. On the other hand, many of those whose names still remain on the rolls are facing starvation, for they are being boycotted by the people. Arbitration-courts are fast supplanting British courts.

In regard to the boycott of the British Government's educational institutions, Mr. Rustomjee says that, according to official figures,

the number of students who had withdrawn from Government-schools was as follows: Madras, forty; Bengal, 115; United Provinces, 304; Punjab, 25; Burma, 309; Behar and Orissa, 108; Central Provinces, 115; Delhi, 22. The figures for the Bombay Presidency, corrected to 25 March were: from Government-colleges 220, from aided colleges 372.

The accuracy of this statement may easily be judged by a comparison with the figures published in the *Bombay Chronicle* of 26 May last, which showed that in the city of Surat (Bombay Presidency) alone there were 23,970 students in the national educational institutions as a result of the boycott, and in Surat where the British made their first settlement in India, the authorities have flatly refused to accept any educational aid from the British Government. In the Ahmedabad (Bombay Presidency) National Proprietary High School there are 1900 students. The Gujerat Mahavidyalaya of the same city has 250 students. In the Calcutta (Bengal) National University there are about 3000 students. According to Mahatma

Gandhi's *Young India* of 15 June last there were at that time ten national schools in the Central Provinces alone: at Jubalpur, 202 students; at Katmi, 190; at Seoni, 197; at Sagar (three schools), 600; at Rehti, 150; at Khurai, 100; at Narsiuhpur, 100; and at Balaghat, sixty; a total of 1599, as against Mr. Rustomjee's "official" figure of 115!

To-day Mahatma Gandhi and his fellow-workers are working for the destruction of British trade in India by means of a gigantic boycott. On 1 August, before hundreds of thousands of people gathered along the seashore of Bombay, Gandhi himself set fire to a great pile of British-made goods. By so doing he set alight a mighty fire that is rapidly spreading throughout India.

Mr. Rustomjee remarks that Gandhi has said that he would accept a Dominion form of self-government. I would point out that this is not saying that his ultimate aim is not to help the establishment of an independent Indian Republic. I am, etc.,
New York City.

BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

BOOKS.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

In a very particular sense every great writer has written to supply a demand; he expresses himself in order to satisfy some longing in the minds of the people to whom he belongs; in fact, the desire to create must be simultaneously in his mind and theirs. The chief reason why new countries have no art is that the people do not want it; it is not that the potential artist is not born there, but that too few people feel the need of expression for that need to make an impression upon the artist's mind. As long as life is a conquering physical adventure, as it has been for long in this country, people's energies are too much absorbed for them to demand anything from life except living. But there comes a time when they begin to wonder what else is there—for something else there must be or life could not go on at all. The significance of Mr. Sherwood Anderson is that he, more than any other contemporary writer of prose, gives one the impression that his work is a response to a need in the American people.

Perhaps the first expression in fiction of that America which is a different thing from the America that was an English colonial projection is to be found in the novels of Mr. Theodore Dreiser. This book of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's, which is the expression of a people as remote from anything English as could well be imagined, makes Mr. Dreiser seem curiously old-fashioned. In books like "The Titan" and "The Financier," we had the expression of an almost purely dynamic energy, and of enormous, unsubtle vulgarities and of that quality which Catholic theologians call "invincible ignorance"; whereas we have in Mr. Anderson's new volume, "The Triumph of the Egg,"¹ a most subtle expression of emotional and spiritual energy where almost nothing happens to the characters except what happens in their minds, where external occurrences are the merest incidentals, where every story is the history of the adventures of a soul. One gets from the book the feeling of an immense struggle, as if both the author and the characters he creates had striven to shore and to consciousness out of a heavy, viscous sea. All art-expression is, perhaps, just the struggle of a people in their fight for consciousness: the achievement of Mr. Anderson is that he has won for himself and the American people, out of whose life he writes, a stage of consciousness to which they had not before arrived. The men and women of his stories must be the loneliest people in literature, with little spiritual heritage; to whose forbears living meant merely perpetual mechanical contact with persons and things; and to whom, when they are thrown back on their own resources, life becomes a puzzled terror.

Often in approaching the window of a railway-station for a ticket, your mind is harassed and broken up by a printed notice on the glass ledge adjuring you to "Say Something," "Smile," "Keep Smiling." After one has read Mr. Anderson, that maddening adjuration becomes a pathetic revelation of the thousands and thousands of people whose sole hold on life or comprehension of it is this mechanical contact with others, and one realizes that in this vast land only a fraction of the people have expressed themselves, and that largely in the idiom of another people—the English people. There is a story in Mr. Anderson's new book called "Brothers"; it is the story of a man to whom all his external life had become meaningless, but he had nothing else that had any meaning at all; he worked during the day in a bicycle factory; in the evenings he went home to his flat up two flights of dark stairs, read the newspapers, or took his wife to the "movies" whilst his mother-in-law, who saved the wages of a servant, minded the children. With great economy of language, in beautifully-moulded sentences, is told his story: the pathetic, stumbling attempts of his mind in its straining after some nourishment and beauty; his final landing in prison, waiting to be hanged—a pitiful life, without even religion, just his work, work with his hands: the "movies" and the newspapers. His history in the hands of a journalistic writer would be either vulgar or sordid, but all Mr. Anderson's stories have an exaltation, a warp and woof of poetry and philosophy, that lifts the mind of the reader. This story is framed in another, the story of the broken mind of an old man.

Although each story is widely different from another, there is all through the book a delicate thread of connexion, perhaps unconscious in the mind of the author. In each story is the same unity of emotion, the cry of the characters against the winglessness of their lives—lives to which no literature has given a pattern for living, while no art has fed their emotions. It is as if all these characters, so widely different, cried in unison, "No one has given us wings for the spirit." Their conversation even gives the effect of a sort of symbolism. "My feet are cold and dumb from waiting for life to come out of life," says the doctor after attending a childbirth. "Are there no words that lead into life?" asks the man in "The Man with the Brown Coat." In that most imaginative story of a girl, "Out of Nowhere into Nothing," Stonor, interpreting for Rosalind the emptiness of the country in the night, tells her that "death resides in the conquering whites, and life remains in the red men who have gone." The country, he explains, "belongs to a race who, in their physical life, are now dead. The red men, although they are practically all gone, still own the American continent. Their fancy has peopled it with ghosts, with gods and with devils." In other words, it belongs to the men who in their own way gave it spiritual life and artistic expression.

It is hard not to seem over-enthusiastic about this book of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's—about its technique as well as its content. What a wonderful piece of work is the story which gives its name to the book, with its intellectualized emotion, its subtle, ironic philosophy. The author has mastered his art so well! Each of his books is an advance over the previous one, but this is the greatest advance of all. He has learned from many sources, but one imagines that the Russians were his greatest help in discovering himself. He is intensely modern, without the slightest trace of the bizarre. Without any of the obvious mechanics so prevalent in the revealing of the subconscious, he itself and all that it stood for. After the first shock of

¹ "The Triumph of the Egg." Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

yet lays bare the whole working, conscious and unconscious, in the mind of his characters. He rarely uses dialogue, but when he does so, it is such a revelation of the life and character of the speaker that one reads the sentence over and over again. One might try to estimate Mr. Anderson to his advantage or disadvantage by comparing him with writers in other countries, but this would be a vain task. What I believe to be the truth about him is that in the new literature of America—of that America which hitherto has been so largely a dumb nation—he is the most significant writer of imaginative prose. Those words which Taine applies to a Frenchman are still the best description of any sincere artist, and they have really a peculiar aptness to a writer like Mr. Anderson:

He suffered, but he imagined; he fainted, but he created; he tore from his entrails with despair the idea which he had conceived and showed it to the eyes of all, bloody but alive. . . . There is one work worthy of a man—the production of a truth to which he devotes himself and in which he believes.

To turn from "The Triumph of the Egg" to Mr. Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn,"¹ is to make a descent from literature to journalism—first-class journalism, to be sure, vivid and brilliant and interesting, brimful of ideas and opinions, which, however, because they are untouched with emotion or philosophy, are apt to become wearying platitudes at the second reading. There was a time when, in the minds of many people, Mr. Hecht promised as fine a fulfilment as Mr. Sherwood Anderson. The desire to master his craft is perhaps as good a sign of the artist as any other. Mr. Hecht seems to have convinced himself, before writing "Erik Dorn," that learning how to write a novel was a poor and unoriginal idea. One can estimate his accomplishment very easily by asking him first of all what he desired to do. Did he intend to write a book for serious consideration as a piece of literary work, or was it his intention to turn out a specimen of brilliant journalism which would create a ripple for a moment, and which would live "*ce que vivent les roses, l'espace d'un matin*"? If the latter, Mr. Hecht has most assuredly accomplished it. "Erik Dorn" is a highly entertaining book, and very recommendable for a long subway journey; in fact, if one might indulge in a style of metaphor similar to his own, it might be described as the libretto to the subway music.

Mr. Hecht's manner and ideas suggest a pseudosophistication over a vast *naïveté*. He seems to have jotted down in a notebook any bright saying or epigram or startling phrase that occurred to him, and then invented a brilliantly glittering personage who would utter such things, or about whom they could be uttered. This personage in Mr. Hecht's new story is the editor of a newspaper, and the description of life in the newspaper-office shows the author at his entertaining best, if perhaps it also shows his most significant failure—the failure to make anything or anybody appear real. Mr. Hecht gives the reader to understand that he is conscious that in Erik Dorn he is creating a brilliant and superficial person, but does he think such a person can be created by brilliant and superficial methods? The successful creation of character depends to a quite remarkable degree on the completeness with which the author has mastered his craft. The acquiring of the technique of a novelist is a slow and laborious business, and so much of the power of acquiring it depends on the life-experience of the author and on how profoundly he has lived. Fine novels, unless they are lyrical books like "Wuthering

¹ "Erik Dorn." Ben Hecht. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Heights," are almost never written by young or inexperienced people. Nearly all the great novels in the English language have been written by people nearly middle-aged or beyond it; Thackeray, indeed, was nearly forty before he began to write at all; Richardson was over fifty. But one gets the impression from "Erik Dorn" that Mr. Hecht thought it best to get everything down somehow and as flashily as possible and that nature would look after the technique.

What, for example, except simple ignorance, could have induced Mr. Hecht to bring into his book a character like the Baron von Stinnes—a gentleman whom we have met previously in the pages of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim—or was it the Baroness Orczy? The baron, described by the author as an erudite young German, thus presents himself to Erik Dorn, who is in Germany during the revolution: "I am von Stinnes—Baron von Stinnes, of a very old, a very dissolute, and a very worthless family. I am the last von Stinnes." The baron announces that he has learned his English in Oxford, his French in Paris, his Italian in Padua—and one supposes he learned his own language in some German centre of culture. One would never suspect it, for the noble baron is illiterate in three languages, including his own, and, in addition, seems to have modelled his mind, manners, and conversation upon the writings of Mr. George Jean Nathan. More of a first-hand knowledge of European languages and European barons is required than Mr. Hecht seems to suspect, before one can romp with them thus licentiously in the printed pages of a book.

Respect for the medium ought to be one of the first considerations of an artist. The liberties which Mr. Hecht takes with the grammar and construction of the English language do not really improve it as a vehicle for his own expression. Striking phrases such as "a vivid sort of imbecile suffering from vacuous complexities," appear brilliant at first reading and then almost meaningless. The truth is that the English language has always been curiously inhospitable to smartnesses, and the only original thing a man can do with it is to express himself in it according to its genius. It is an emotional language that can be created anew by every writer who can put on it the stamp of his personality.

Mr. H. L. Mencken says on the wrapper of "Erik Dorn": "It has upon me the effect of a gaudy and fantastic panorama, in which the movement is almost acrobatic and the colour is that of a kaleidoscope." If this represents the height of the author's ambition he has achieved it.

MARY M. COLUM.

MEN IN KHAKI.

A FEW days ago, after driving for many hours through the Berkshires and over the Mohawk Trail, I drew up in the twilight, *entre chien et loup*, at a country hotel, drunk with colour, inarticulate at the wonder of nature's swan-song. Entering the lobby was almost like going back to a corner of the road, for there hung on the walls an oil painting of a maple tree blooming upon a hillside, suffused with the almost spiritual light of the dying year. The artist, Gustave Wiegand, had caught the accession of vitality that comes in the fall like the intensive effort of a guttering candle before it is drowned in darkness. One felt humble towards, and not a little envious of this man who had found adequate expression of that same stimulus to which one was still reacting. It was the perfection of its workmanship that made one look at it, at first, not as a picture of a thing but the thing itself and all that it stood for. After the first shock of delight one needed a little time to get down to questions of technique and construction.

It is with something of the same feelings that I approach "Three Soldiers,"¹ the work of another artist, Mr. John Dos Passos. The vividness of his picture bewilders, sometimes terrifies, so that one forgets the technique and responds to the tremendous call which it makes upon one's emotions. To anyone who suffered the grip of war it is almost as though a tentacle came reaching out from hell to drag one back. One has to shake off the immensity of tragedy that the book induces, eliminate the *rappor*t between the theme and oneself before it is possible to consider the story solely as a work of art. Then it is that the brilliance of Mr. Dos Passos's workmanship is doubly striking.

I was glad to have read "One Man's Initiation"² first, for the perspective it affords on "Three Soldiers." The former is a sort of rehearsal for the latter; impressionistic, vivid, filled with contrast that makes for a heightening of effect, the characterization touched in with a paucity of effort that is wholly admirable. But it is disjointed, episodic, like a series of thumbnail sketches. In it, however, are qualities, simplicity, colour, irony, truthfulness, all engrained in a rich vein of idealism, which are the promise of greater things.

"Three Soldiers" fulfills that promise in a most remarkable manner. Its theme is nothing more than an enlargement of the theme of "One Man's Initiation," yet with an addition of power which is surprising. "Three Soldiers" is not merely America's contribution to war-literature—the only book which proves that America learned something of the real meaning of war—it is the proof that a new writer has come to take his place in the forefront of the writers of to-day.

As a novel, "Three Soldiers" has few of the standard requirements. There is no plot, no love story (though there are many women), little action, as such, and far from having a happy ending it closes in utter tragedy. Yet from the first page there is a sense of suspense that reaches periodically a moment of drama. One may not like John Andrews, the leading character. One may deplore his morbid introspection, the mental unhealth that sent him into the voluntary slavery of khaki, the hyper-criticism which makes the saluting of an officer an insult to his intelligence. One may think at times that he is a damned fool in his lack of practicality, in the futile way he kicks against the pricks; but that is where the art of Mr. Dos Passos is proved: in that one does not think of Andrews negatively as a fool, but positively as an adjectived fool. In other words, one is bent to the author's will.

The disjointedness of Mr. Dos Passos's earlier book has no place in "Three Soldiers." The descent of the three men into the abyss flows relentlessly, inexorably, through the six sections into which the book is divided, although the characters are separated, wrenched apart by the hand of circumstance, insignificant pawns in the game of war. Although one speaks with the accent of Idaho and another is an Italian-American, while the third, John Andrews, is a New Yorker, a product of Harvard, they are all delocalized, representing the youth of the world rather than of America. In "The Making of an Englishman," Mr. W. L. George brilliantly dissected the mentality of France and Britain and took his readers step by step through the infinitely delicate processes by which a Frenchman changed himself into an Englishman. Mr. Dos Passos has done even more than that. He has shown not merely the mental and physical transition of civilians into soldiers, but also the none too slow process by which they yield up their very souls. The numbing of individuality, the stifling of initiative until a man's thoughts and acts cease to have any relationship to himself but are merged into the machine of which he becomes a part, are touched in with skill; while the smirching of ideals, the gradual yielding to the pressure which makes him accept the second-best and finally anything at all are done with the hand of a master.

Mr. Dos Passos hits from the shoulder and hits straight, but he is willing to paint the bruise with iodine afterwards. His sense of beauty is on every page. Colour is a part of his being, and he has the gift of making one see with his eyes. Certain of his descriptions of Paris are little masterpieces; and some of the least of his incidental characters are unforgettable—the poilu who eats glass, the cripple and his sweetheart who carve animals for Noah's Arks, the drunken British officer, the girl on the barge. Some people will loathe this book and forbid their sons and daughters to read it (not that that will make much difference). Others will praise it and urge it upon all and sundry. But whichever way it takes them, it will take them hard.

A. HAMILTON GIBBS.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

AMBASSADOR FRANCIS's record of his Russian impressions, "Russia from the American Embassy,"¹ is amazing in its carelessness, ignorance and illiteracy. To correct all of the Ambassador's strange blunders of orthography, chronology and fact would be an encyclopædic task. The general accuracy of his observations may be judged from the following extract from a letter addressed to Secretary Lansing on 20 November, 1917:

On the night of 7 November the Petrograd Council of Workmen and Soldiers, which is mainly Bolsheviks, and the National Soviet, of which a congress has been called in Petrograd, named a new ministry, calling it a 'Commissaire' and appointed as commissaires of the people, Lenin as President, and Trotzky as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and ten or fifteen others whose names are immaterial. The Mensheviks in the Soviet Congress thereupon withdrew, and also a few of the Bolsheviks. The second day thereafter, the right wing of the Socialist party, including the above Soviet-seceders, the Social Revolutionists, and a majority of the Internationals and most of the peasant deputies, held a conference and attempted to agree upon a compromise ministry. Dan, speaking for the Social Revolutionists, stated they would not participate in any government with the Bolsheviks.

Apart from dubious grammar and misspellings, there are five misstatements of fact in these four sentences. The new ministry was not called a "Commissaire"; no Bolsheviks withdrew from the Soviet Congress; there was no "Socialist party" in Russia at that time; no political group of that period can be identified under the name of "Internationals"; and Dan, a prominent leader of the Mensheviks, was scarcely likely to speak in the name of the Social Revolutionists. When one thus discovers the quality of the information supplied by Mr. Francis to the authorities in Washington one begins to feel that the worst blunders of the State Department in dealing with the Russian situation can be viewed with some measure of charity and understanding.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Francis seems to have considered that his ambassadorial duties required him to examine the pocketbooks as well as the passports of Americans in Russia. He tells with much gusto how he ordered the late John Reed to be kept under observation "as a suspicious character" after finding a letter of endorsement from Camille Huysmans, in a lost pocketbook of Reed's which was turned in at the American Embassy. Sometimes Mr. Francis seems to have constituted himself a sort of super-censor, even against the State Department at home, for he records that on one occasion, not liking the tone of a note which M. Chicherin had sent him for transmission to the American people, and, in his own words, "fearing that it would be given to the American people by the Department of State," Ambassador Francis, on his own responsibility, refused to transmit it.

It is amusing to see how every considered judgment of Mr. Francis's upon contemporary Russian political conditions has been proved wrong by the subsequent course of events. In August, 1916, he prophesied that no revolution would take place in Russia until several years after the close of the war. He saw the strength of the March Revolution to lie in the impotent Duma, rather than in the Soviets. After the November Revolution he still cher-

¹ "Three Soldiers." John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

² "One Man's Initiation." John Dos Passos. London: Allen & Unwin.

¹ "Russia from the American Embassy." David R. Francis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

ished the illusion that the war-weary Russian people could be bullied or cajoled into renewing hostilities with Germany; and he was a consistent advocate of the policy of crushing Bolshevism by means of outside intervention. In the light of these palpable misjudgments, a man must be possessed of an inexhaustible store of naïve egotism to insist, as former Ambassador Francis does, that he repeatedly preserved the Provisional Government from collapse, and that the situation "could still have been saved" if President Wilson had only let him carry out his pet scheme of returning to Petrograd with 50,000 American soldiers.

Mr. Francis's book is rendered worthy of consideration by reason of the author's former high official position and by the unsophisticated comments of reviewers whose acquaintance with the facts of the Russian Revolution is even less intimate than that of the ex-Ambassador himself. No such considerations, however, apply to the diary of the anonymous Englishwoman,¹ who longs for the return of the Tsar and invents fictitious Jewish patronymics for nearly all the revolutionary leaders, or to the work of the "disillusioned socialist" Mr. Schwartz,² who recently declared to a New York audience that he was profoundly impressed by the "honour" of testifying before the United States Senate. These dreary productions can only inspire the vain wish that fewer and better books might be written about the Russian Revolution.

JOHN BRADLEY.

THE REFORM OF MANKIND.

HERE are three new books on the reform of mankind. One is by a veteran and incorrigible Utopian, Mr. Sidney A. Reeve. Another is by a mild and genial Englishman, a professor of liberal proclivities, Mr. Ramsay Muir. The third is by a young Catholic historian, trained in Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes's severe and scholarly school, Mr. Parker T. Moon. The first has a grand plan for leading Israel out of the wilderness. The second suggests with professorial modesty a number of tentative steps by which the Englishman's lot may be improved. The last shows us how the socially-minded Catholics of France propose to meet the miseries that have flowed from modern capitalism. After reading them all, the reviewer is moved to exclaim with the fat and florid canon of St. Paul's: "I love liberty, but I hope it can be so managed that I shall have soft beds, good dinners and fine linen for the rest of my life."

Mr. Reeve's volume, "Modern Economic Tendencies"³ is mountainous in proportions and volcanic in wrath. Through nearly a thousand ample pages, the author wanders and ambles, discoursing on the industrial revolution, credit, markets, capitalism, interest, the distribution of wealth, the evils of commercialism, the cost of living, unemployment, panics, crises, labour, trade unions, and socialism, whacking college professors for their ignorance, damning college presidents for their intolerance, calling for opposition to the Rand School "as a burden to the poor and a menace to the Government," denouncing the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, deplored the class-war, scolding short-sighted business men actuated by the profit instinct, and emerging at last, decorated by statistics and charts, with the one, true, real, and only remedy—consumerism and consumeration, the same being the organization of the ultimate consumers to take over the entire industrial process and direct it in the interest of good production. Beholding the chaos of the modern world, Mr. Reeve fain would grasp it whole and mould it to his heart's desire. In unfolding his designs upon humanity, he has made luminous suggestions, started useful trains of thought, and collected many pages of valuable information. Nobody can read his treatise without adding to his stature and to his irritation. If a relentless editor had cut the book down to three hundred pages or there-

abouts, it would have been more powerful and every bit as effective.

Indeed, Mr. Reeve could profit much from reading Mr. Ramsay Muir's little volume, "Liberalism and Industry."⁴ Here within the compass of two hundred pages is a liberal programme, which embraces the nationalization of mines and railways; a combination of nationalization and private ownership for the land; a co-operative system of industry drawing together capital, labour, the consumer, and the State in a scheme of general control; housing and town-planning; popular education; a scheme of taxation, stressing income, inheritance, and land-value taxes; and the progressive development of personal liberty. Mr. Muir desires to preserve the energy and initiative of the capitalist, to take labour into the grand partnership, and to transform the State into an instrument of social control and service. Though Hindenburg's sword was broken in his hands, behold Wagner and Schmoller have conquered, occupied, and annexed Manchester! Shades of John Bright and Richard Cobden! Here is a book of State socialism plus workers' councils "generally approved by the Manchester Liberal Federation." The undersigned reviewer, on reading this little volume, can not help recalling a remark recently made to him by a sagacious Englishman who had just returned to his country from the United States: "The difference between American business men and English business men lies in this: the former imagine, with complete assurance, that they are called by Divine Providence to rule the universe; the latter have some misgivings about their mission." Mr. Muir has written for them the bible of their philosophic doubts. Simplicity, fairness, gentleness, and willingness to look at all things with open eyes; these are the seals of Mr. Muir's assurance, and in this spirit he can not fail to carry all his readers a long way on the road with him. The spires of the City of God do not shine just ahead, but the road seems wide and good.

Catholicism was, in the Middle Ages, the faith of the landlord and peasant. The *grand bourgeois* everywhere have been the bulwarks of Protestantism and free thinking. As in England, the Tory landlords, like Ashley, forced social and humanitarian legislation upon the mill-owners, so on the Continent of Europe, the Catholic church, strong in its rural support, has led in all ecclesiastical attacks upon the excesses of capitalism. Important as this movement has been, we have had to wait until to-day for a full account of the rise and growth of the social spirit among Catholics in France. For its painstaking organization of widely scattered materials, for its clear presentation of the argument, and for its bearing upon contemporary thought, Mr. Moon's book, "The Labour Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France,"⁵ should be placed high among the best historical works of the year. It is a model of sincere though evidently sympathetic, writing. The long and well-documented chapter on the Popular Liberal party is a real contribution to the history of French politics. The summary of the Social Catholic programme is a marvel of precision. It covers social insurance in all its branches but opposition to Government-ownership, guild-organization in industry and agriculture, group-representation in one branch of parliament (a sort of super soviet), and the maintenance of private property "so far as compatible with moral law and social welfare."

As the product of mixed motives—social sympathy, hatred for bourgeois free-thinking, political opportunism, and fear of socialism—the social Catholic movement bears the marks of its origin and its financial support. Whether it will stay the progress of socialism or help it along by joining in the disintegrating warfare on capitalism, remains to be seen. Honest books, like this by Mr. Moon, can only serve the cause of truth by helping to define the issues. Only the narrowest and most ignorant of Protestants imagine that the Catholic Church does not change.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

¹ "From a Russian Diary, 1917-1920." By an Englishwoman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

² "The Voice of Russia." M. Alexander Schwartz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

³ "Modern Economic Tendencies." Sidney A. Reeve. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$12.00.

⁴ "Liberalism and Industry." Ramsay Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75.

⁵ "The Labour Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France." Parker T. Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.25.

A PROFESSOR LOOKS AT THE WORLD.

It remains a puzzle, perhaps an insoluble one, why the devotion of a career to the professional study of language and letters should result so seldom in an outlook of any real urbanity, in a manner that could be called, in a strict and simple sense, civilized. The onslaught upon the professors has become, one can not gainsay it, very nearly as banal as the discourse of the professors themselves: yet it will continue to have vitality as long as those gentlemen retain their present insusceptibility to criticism. A particularly horrible example is before us. Professor C. H. Grandgent is, as the centennial has reminded us, one of the most eminent Dante scholars in this country, if not in the world; yet the point of view represented by some of the papers in his volume, "Old and New,"¹ has none of the mansuetude of great scholarship, but only the sourness of small-town conservatism. It will scarcely be contended that Professor Grandgent is untypical of American scholarship, for he has been president of the Modern Language Association of America and of the Simplified Spelling Board, and he is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is precisely to a scholar of his type that one would turn for an example of the best in American academicism.

What flower has Professor Grandgent's erudition borne? The first paper in this volume, "Nor Yet the New," and a succeeding paper on "The Dark Ages" tell the disheartening story. Professor Grandgent casts a terrified glance about the contemporary world and finds it a scene which no words are too violent to describe. Modern life has slipped quietly out of the comfortable restraints which the professors would lay about it, and the result, to an elderly scholiast, is profoundly perturbing. "The burden of proof is on tradition, the presumption is in favour of novelty. Let only a fashion be proclaimed as new, and its right to prevail finds general approval." Or such, at least, is Professor Grandgent's startled diagnosis. A detached observer with a streak of irony might question the soundness of the diagnosis when applied to a society whose characteristic critics are its Paul Elmer Mores and its Meredith Nicholsons, whose characteristic statesmen are its Calvin Coolidges and its Henry Cabot Lodges, whose characteristic spiritual leaders are its Billy Sundays and its Bishop Mannings. But there is little reassurance for Professor Grandgent in the ubiquity of such figures. He speaks in the panic tone of one who feels that civilization is falling to pieces about him.

With the French Revolution came an overturn in the procedure of judgment. Henceforth it is to be no longer the new, but the old, that must fight for its existence. . . . The revolutionist becomes the popular hero. . . . The drawing-room anarchist, the literary rebel, the artistic iconoclast lay down the law for all of us. Among the conventions of the day, the most conspicuous is the convention of revolt. The only really unconventional person among us is the one who is not revolting against convention.

It is, of course, a febrile and over-drawn picture which he thus paints, but there is some truth in it. The restless iconoclasm which we call the modern spirit, and which has shown itself here and there, it is true, among isolated malcontents, has "revolted" against the worship of tradition. To this degree the antique disciplines are being challenged and the antique taboos disregarded. It has, for example, been questioned whether, as our practical point of view would have it, a man has performed his whole duty to himself and the universe when he has "made a living" for himself and perhaps a family. This is how Professor Grandgent puts it:

None of the ideal heroes are salt-earners; they are too busy with self-expression and self-development and self-analysis. The more one thinks of it, the more evident it becomes that all their interests begin with 'self'; they are addicted to every 'self' compound except self-support.

Would it have any relevance to remind Professor Grandgent of what the Dauphin says in "Henry the Fifth?"

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

¹ "Old and New: Sundry Papers." C. H. Grandgent. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.50.

Shakespeare knew that self-support is not the only "self" compound that has its high meaning for the human soul. Besides, where is the pertinence of Professor Grandgent's charge that the attitude of revolt is peculiar to the modern spirit?—as if a refusal to accept ready-made points of view had not been, at all times and in all places, integral to the creative life itself. If our "futurists," in verse, in painting and sculpture, in music, are discarding the formulae of the past and seeking for new modes that shall have a new immediacy, are they not following a "tradition" that is almost the most time-honoured of all? The answer is, of course they are; and it is only because their experiments have not been canonized by annotation that they lack favour with the professors. It may be true that "what men shall do is determined by what men have done; what men are to be is revealed by what men have been"; but is this the same thing as saying that men shall never do what has never yet been done, nor be what as yet they have not been?

Professor Grandgent's reply would have no ambiguity. It is clear that innovation of any kind, save in orthography, is his *bête noire*, and in this he is sufficiently representative of his colleagues. The shallowness of his attitude, however, is revealed by his incapacity to attribute honest motives to the dissidents. "The insurgent attitude," he says, "has now become a pose." What surer mark could there be of an ungenerous spirit than this imputation of insincerity to others? It is the utterance indeed not of a scholar but of a pedant.

NEWTON ARVIN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE RUMANIAN stories² that Mrs. Byng has translated are far nearer the epic, far less a product of convention and civilization, and much more natural in their expression than anything of the American type. Comparatively free of the romantic influence, these tales are the legitimate expression of a world of villagers, robbers and primitive conditions generally: their mystery, directness and universality are all free from self-consciousness and attain at times a barbaric simplicity and splendour. They follow no rules, and, if they have passed the barrier of the American publishers, it is because they are translations and because a queen has given them her blessing. Just what has passed this barrier it is amusing to note. In one story a persecuted Jew, having tortured a co-religionist, becomes an accepted Gentile. The author of another justifies a robber without attempting to reform him. In a third a husband kills a former lover of his wife's and saves her from a general tragedy. There follow two which partake more of American themes: a strong man wins a beautiful lady, and a priest reforms a village by reforming himself.

T. P. C.

MR. LUCAS's notes of his recent tour round the world in "Roving East and West"² reveal him in a not altogether pleasing light as a recorder of superficialities. Nobody has a surer pen for the right word and the whimsical idea than Mr. Lucas, but Heaven knows he has nothing to express but what every educated tourist has seen and will continue to see until the end of Cook's. Thus it is pleasing to read that in Japan a little geisha-girl was "a mere watch-chain ornament," and that "we crossed field after field on our gentle steeds—and no one admires gentleness in a horse more than I"; that the roads round Washington are so bad that "to ride in a motor-car was to experience all the alleged benefits of horse-back"; that "I had opportunities of honouring prohibition in the breach as well as in the observance"; and that "although India is a land of walkers, there is no sound of footfalls." Mr. Lucas tells us of the cinematograph that "it may be that its true purpose is to be the dramatist of the deaf" and that the tea-party in Boston Harbour was "the most momentous act of jettison since Jonah." He also tells us a few things about the rare books and manuscripts that are now in American hands, together with some trite information about the Mogul Emperors of Delhi and Agra. These superficialities are jumbled together higgledy-piggledy, and one lays down the book with the feeling that Mr. Lucas has been wasting his talent in their compilation, and the reader his time in their perusal.

C. E. B.

¹ "Rumanian Stories." Translated by Lucy Byng. With an introduction by Marie, Queen of Rumania. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50.

² "Roving East and Roving West." E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

A SORT of Jewish Arabian Nights is this collection of anti-Jewish papers reprinted in two booklets¹ of nearly 500 pages from Mr. Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. The Ku-Klux author—for he displays a plain white sheet where his name should be—sees the world in the grip of a great Jewish conspiracy to undermine "Gentile civilization," and in demonstration of his theory he cites numerous persons and events, and lengthy quotations from testimony gathered by the Overman Committee and similar witch-hunting bodies, and particularly does he rely on those "Jewish Protocols," notorious forgeries in which the subtle Jewish leaders are supposed to give the whole show away, in what any schoolboy would consider an extremely stupid fashion. Mr. Ford's amanuensis declares that the Jewish conspirators have ruined Germany, that they dominate the British Empire, that they have a strangle-hold on Russia, that they have brought Poland to smash. In this country they control the press and numerous large industries, and they debauch the Gentile mind with cheap drama and jewellery and fashions and jazz and "scarlet fiction." During the war they exercised a dictatorship here through Mr. Barney Baruch, and thus they have acquired all the business secrets of the Gentiles and have all of us at their mercy. They invented sovietism hundreds of years ago in order to destroy Gentile society. The Jewish "Kehillah" (community) in New York is the most powerful soviet in the world, and in it one may find Mr. Otto Kahn and the Reddest Red gaily clinking bumpers of Palestine wine to the downfall of a "goyish" world. In fact, it was here in this New York Jewish soviet that the choice was made of "the Jew who was to succeed the Tsar." The author progresses a great deal by innuendo, and it is in this fashion that he gives the reader the impression that Lenin is a Jew. Oddly enough, he makes the same intimation about Colonel House. The pamphlets are both amazing and amusing, and, like some psychopathic products, not invariably coherent. Thus the author says on page 29: "Every Commissar in Russia to-day is a Jew." On page 168, he declares that ninety per cent of the Commissars are Jewish. On page 216, he gives figures tending to show that 72.2 per cent of the Commissars are Jews. At that rate of decrease, the Jewish element would disappear wholly from the Russian Government at the end of a good-sized volume. As a newspaper editor, Mr. Ford seems to continue his habit of turning out flivvers.

H. K.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

IN his little book "We Moderns," Mr. Edwin Muir affirmed, in contradiction to most of the prevailing theories, that the task of poets and artists is to resuscitate the myth. "The past," he said, "has certainly lost its mystery for us, and it was in the past, at the source of humanity, that the old poets set their sublime fictions. But the future is still ours, and there, at man's goal, our myths must be planted. And thither, indeed, has set the great literature of the last hundred years. *Faust*, *Mephistopheles*, *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *Zarathustra*—there were no greater figures in the literature of the nineteenth century—were all myths, and all forecasts of the future." And he concludes: "In the early world myth was used to dignify man by idealizing his origin. Henceforth it must be used to dignify him by idealizing his goal."

It is not every day that one encounters in a contemporary writer so clear and broad a perception of the function of literature. In the current number of the *Little Review* Mr. Ezra Pound takes to task a former confederate of his for having raised again what he considers the old heresy that the great poets have had a moral preoccupation: they have had no preoccupation at all, he says, but that of writing to please themselves. The fact is, however, that they have pleased themselves by formulating moral conceptions and that the history of literature in its main stream is inseparable from the history of morals. Consider the works that Mr. Muir mentions; is "Faust" a mere pattern, or "Brand," or "Thus Spake Zarathustra"? And what would Mr. Pound say about Whitman? It is only a very narrow definition of the moral sphere that fills contemporary writers with such a resentful desire to keep themselves free of it:

¹ "The International Jew," "Jewish Activities in the United States." Dearborn, Mich.: The Dearborn Publishing Co. \$2.50.

literature is nothing, or at least nothing that signifies, if it is not what Nietzsche called a "stimulus to life," and if it is this it has the most intimate bearing on behaviour. One is "not the same person" after one has absorbed the work of a great poet: an entire nation, as history has often shown, thinks and acts differently in consequence of having given birth to a Goethe or an Ibsen. That is what Mr. Muir means, and the deepest experience that our generation has gained from literature corroborates what he says about the necessity of reviving the myth. The appearance of "Jean-Christophe" was, in a sense, untimely; it spread through the world at a moment when people's minds were too harassed for any conception to take root in them; it was read by flashes of lightning by a generation that was to render either too chaotic or too callous. It might have been the fountainhead of the spiritual life of an epoch. *Jean-Christophe* was a myth in the line of *Faust* and *Zarathustra*. We had had nothing else like this book: it restored to us the large utterance of the greatest poets.

WHAT sort of man had written it? During the last seven years we have heard a great deal about Romain Rolland. We know with what obstinate courage he maintained his convictions during the war; we have followed his controversies; we have read his manifestoes; we have seen descriptions of him by friends and enemies; we have been able to picture to ourselves his life at Geneva. All this has given us the vividest apprehension of a personal and moral individuality, but it has scarcely thrown a ray of light on the creator of "Jean-Christophe." Most of us, moreover, impelled by a natural curiosity, have glanced at his other writings. We have read "Clerambault," for instance, a novel the hero of which alone can be said to exist; even this hero exists only at moments; we can not believe in his sudden metamorphosis, and the other characters are the merest puppets. We have read two or three of the "Lives of Illustrious Men," the "Tolstoy" and the "Michelangelo": they are written with a motive superior to that of the hack-writer, but not superior to that with which a fervent but otherwise commonplace priest, let us say, writes the biography of a favourite saint. We have not read any of the plays, to be sure, the "Tragedies of the Faith," the "Dramas of the Revolution," but we can not rid ourselves of the suspicion—it keeps popping into our minds—that they are very mediocre performances. ("Even the historical figures," says Herr Stefan Zweig, "those of Robespierre, Danton, Saint-Just and Desmoulins, are schemata rather than portraits": after this, in spite of Herr Zweig's enthusiastic praises, we do not inquire further into the reasons why they have remained mysteriously all but unknown.) Thus the mystery grows upon us. Here we have one work of supreme genius coming from a man of the most generous impulses, a man of superb moral courage who is otherwise, apparently, quite without distinction; for even in regard to war, he revealed a capacity for thought as slight as his capacity for feeling was magnificent. It is natural that we should want to understand the artist who gave us "Jean-Christophe": instead we are confronted with an enigma. What is more, we are driven to believe that this enigma will never be solved. M. Rolland has his enemies: we shall never be able to take their word. But he has his friends, too: is it possible to accept what they say? In short, the artist is lost in the war-figure: M. Rolland has become as much of a myth as *Jean-Christophe* himself.

How true this is we may see from a glance at Herr Zweig's biography.¹ No work could give greater pleasure than this to the disciple who prefers to have his hero unsalted. M. Rolland appears in these pages very much as the Pope appears to the faithful when he is borne into the Sistine Chapel on the shoulders of six chamberlains; one fairly swoons with the incense and the silver bugles.

¹ "Romain Rolland: the Man and His Work." Stefan Zweig. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$4.00.

This is one way of writing a man's life, and I have no quarrel with it; the work has its beauty, the beauty, to choose a similar instance, of Montalembert's "Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary"; it is an ecclesiastical monument of the religion of free thought; it fires the susceptible reader with devotion. On the other hand, it quite fails to present the portrait of an individual. "As always," Herr Zweig somewhere says of our author, "the impetus that drives him is moral rather than artistic." Are we obliged to conclude that "Jean-Christophe" is a sort of happy accident in this career, that M. Rolland is primarily a religious awakener, a Frenchman of the race of Lamennais, a spiritual propagandist from the outset, who has only by chance, as it were, blundered into art? (For while, as I have said, the great poets have pleased themselves by formulating moral conceptions, their impetus has been none the less artistic.) "Let us away with complicated psychologies, with subtle innuendoes, with obscure symbolisms, with the art of drawing-rooms and alcoves," we find M. Rolland saying, at the time when, under the influence of Tolstoy, he was writing his historical plays for the people. Herr Zweig simplifies his theme from a like motive—and with a similar disregard for truth.

WHAT Herr Zweig wants to show is that M. Rolland's life has been a continuous, triumphant elaboration of the theme that "our first duty is to be great and to defend greatness on earth." In the pursuit of this theme, he says, our author has passed through four cycles: the cycle of the heroic plays, that of the heroic biographies, that of "Jean-Christophe," and that of the war-manifestoes. In Herr Zweig's interpretation each of these cycles grew logically out of the cycle preceding it: thus, for example, it was only after M. Rolland had become convinced that the great historic heroes were insufficiently heroic for his purpose that he laid aside his plan for the biographical series (which was to include Mazzini, Thomas Paine, General Hoche and others) and set to work to construct the imaginary arch-hero Jean-Christophe. When we turn to the bibliography at the end of the book, however, we find that the lives of Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Tolstoy were published respectively in 1903, 1906 and 1911, while "Jean-Christophe" was begun in 1897, after having largely occupied the author's mind from early youth. Again, it is difficult to see the connexion between M. Rolland's attitude in regard to the war and his cult of greatness, especially as so many of his plays dealt with military figures, which were not even excluded from the scheme of the heroic biographies. Again, to mention a minor but no less confusing point, we are presented on one page with a most appealing sketch of our author in the tiny attic workroom in Paris in which, as we are told, he lived in seclusion while he was writing "Jean-Christophe"—"imprisoned within narrow walls during all these years." Elsewhere we learn that "with appropriate symbolism, this work of European scope was composed in various parts of Europe; the opening scenes . . . in a Swiss hamlet; 'L'Adolescent' in Zurich and by the shores of Lake Zug; much in Paris, much in Italy; 'Antoinette' in Oxford; while, after nearly fifteen years' labour, the work was completed in Baveno." Is it hypercritical to mention these inconsistencies? They are characteristic of the type of biography that attempts to marry the method of Plutarch with the mood of the romantic devotee. One derives from it the impression of a sort of superhuman unity, which may or may not captivate the imagination but which certainly leaves the reader with all his questions unanswered.

It would be difficult to indicate, for example, in what respect M. Rolland's early plays differed in their motive from the ordinary claptrap of the heroic-patriotic theatre. To say that "France wrote no Iliads, but lived a dozen. The heroes of France wrought more splendidly than the poets"; to say that these heroes "had the same enemy, call it cowardice, call it poverty of spirit, call it the supineness of a weary age," that "they displayed the perennial heroism of the undaunted will" is to say what I am sure

Mr. Winston Churchill used to say to himself when he sat down to produce one of his historical novels; we seem to see here little more than a feeble attempt to reproduce the Wagnerian cycle in French terms. Just so, the intention of the "Lives of Illustrious Men" appears to be indistinguishable from that of so many of the sentimental biographies of Lincoln and Roosevelt. Plutarch says that he wrote his "Lives" in order to repel from his own spirit the worthless, evil or ignoble feelings aroused by the enforced associations of daily life; it was to please himself, in short, to enlarge his own spirit, not to awaken the people, and it succeeded in this latter and subsidiary aim because it so adequately fulfilled the former and the proper one. When Herr Zweig tells us that M. Rolland's historical figures are "schemata rather than portraits" we divine how little this modern Plutarch pleased himself in producing them; and we become convinced that this epoch of his life was really a failure and by no means a personal and spiritual triumph when we learn that he ceased to produce plays after he discovered that "the ears of the people were deaf." The cycle of the heroic biographies came to a close with a similar disastrous discovery: "the historian in him," says Herr Zweig, "had come to recognize that his most intimate energy, truth, was not reconcilable with the desire to create enthusiasm." We should say at this point, if we were not so much concerned with glorifying a hero as describing the development of a man, that M. Rolland had for the first time found himself as an artist, that he had ceased to share one of the commonest illusions of a sentimental adolescence. "It is impossible to write the history of great men, both as a historian recording truth, and as a lover of mankind who desires to lead his fellows upwards towards perfection." Just so, but most literary men have discovered this within six months after they have delivered their last sophomore oration. For Herr Zweig the buskin is always on; for him a tragical dilemma attends every step of his hero's path. What we ourselves divine is not an unbroken progress from one spiritual victory to another, but the sudden apparition of genius out of an abyss of artistic mediocrity. That is less heroic; it is also difficult to explain and vastly more interesting.

ONE surmises, I repeat, that it will never be explained: the mythological figure of the prophet of Geneva stands between us and the lost poet who, whether in his Parisian attic or on the shores of Lake Zug, created the mighty image of Jean-Christophe. We can not understand the process by which that image emerged, but we can see it as a sort of synthesis of the European culture of the last century and a half. Here Herr Zweig comes to our assistance and nothing in his book is more curious than the pages in which he shows how the great romance is a mosaic of episodes derived from M. Rolland's studies in biography. The character of the hero, as we have known, is largely based on that of Beethoven, with certain of the traits of one of the sons of Bach; two or three of the incidents are taken from Mozart's youth; Jean-Christophe's early experiences in Paris are transposed from Wagner's autobiography; again, as he grows older, he comes to suggest by turn Händel, Hugo Wolf, Schubert and César Franck. There is an episode from a passage in the life of Goethe; the flight to the forest was suggested by the last days of Tolstoy; Antoinette is drawn from Renan's sister Henriette; other characters bear the lineaments of Eleanora Duse, Charles Péguy, Debussy, Verhaeren. It was thus that "in a manner peculiar to himself," as Herr Zweig says, "by a process of which he was the originator," Romain Rolland created the greatest poetic myth since Zarathustra.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Ghitza and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood," by Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

"The Life of Jean-Henri Fabre," by the Abbé Augustin Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50.

From the mail bag of a single week we reproduce these letters which express the feeling of our subscribers towards the FREEMAN. They say what thousands think. We want to add thousands more: there are thousands waiting for a paper like the FREEMAN. Remember, by the way, that the FREEMAN is the particular favourite of many an enlightened young collegian. Will you perform the pleasant task of introducing us to some of the impatient thousands?

From New Jersey: a soldier who uses his brains 100%.

I have just received a soldier's bonus from the State of New Jersey. Although I voted at last year's election against the bonus I have now accepted my share with a view to disposing of it "for the good of the country." Thus, part of it goes in payment of the twenty treat subscriptions for the persons on the following list. [20 names.]

Yours truly, _____

From New England: a sentence that ought to carry conviction—for the employer.

Your paper continues to be my principal contact with civilization in a somewhat unenlightened community, which is, however, no worse than any town would be in which the principal industry operated eleven hours a day, at thirty cents an hour.

Very cordially yours, _____

From the Middle West: a woman who is a public benefactor.

Enclosed please find my personal check for \$6.00 for a year's subscription of the *Freeman* to be sent as a gift to _____.

This makes my sixth subscription of the *Freeman* this year. I only wish I could place it in every library and school in the country.

In deepest appreciation of your great effort, I remain,

Sincerely, _____

From a teacher of journalism at an important university.

I believe the work the *Freeman* is doing is splendid, and I wish it and you every success. I shall be glad to do all I can in aiding it.

CHRISTMAS

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B. W. Huebsch, President

116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

A touchstone

So many of our readers have adopted the suggestion to give subscriptions to the FREEMAN as Christmas gifts instead of perfunctory trifles, that we repeat it for the benefit of those who made up their minds but failed to put their thought into action.

We wish there were room to quote many letters instead of only the few characteristic ones reprinted in the adjoining column. Encouragement and thanks come to us from all over the world. It is as if thousands had been waiting for the FREEMAN. Many of our readers have been taking other papers that deal with the matters with which we concern ourselves, but a large number, we think, were not in the bonds of an earlier loyalty: they were restless and unappeased; they sought a touchstone by which to test the world in which they lived and moved.

The FREEMAN, then, is more than a magazine: it is not an institution in the sense of being a rigid shell for an idea that was once living; it is itself an idea—vital, growing, vibrant, incandescent,—and as such it has attracted to its support eager, youthful minds wherever English is read. The qualities that command such fine allegiance as our readers give, are capable of attracting tens of thousands who want the stimulus and guidance which a good paper—more than a church or college—can give.

When you make a gift for the Christmas of 1921 remember that the FREEMAN may open a new world to the recipient—a world of wit and humour, of considered ideas, a world of intellectual freedom.